

THE  
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

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BARTHOLD GEORGE NIEBUHR.

BY MRS. E. L. BICKNELL.

BARTHOLD GEORGE NIEBUHR was born in Copenhagen in 1776, and reared amid the rural scenes of South Denmark. His father was a man of considerable notoriety as a traveler, under patronage of the Government, engaged in scientific research; and his mother was a lady of gentle blood. The unusual precocity of the son had wise training. A passage from a letter written by a special friend—Boje, an editor of a literary periodical in Germany—gives the following: "Little Niebuhr's docility, industry, and devoted love for me, procure me many a pleasant hour. A short time since I was reading 'Macbeth' to his parents, without taking any notice of him till I saw the impression it made upon him. Then I tried to make it all intelligible to him, and even explained how the witches are only poetical beings. When I was gone he sat down—he is not seven years old—and wrote it all out on seven sheets of paper, and certainly without any expectation of receiving praise for it, as he cried for fear it was not well done, when his father showed it to me. We seldom praise him, but quietly tell him of any mistake he has made, and he avoids the fault in future; for now he writes down every thing of importance which he hears from us."

He learned the Greek alphabet when six years old; could read well in English, and had commenced the French when but eight years of age. That interest in politics which became the master-spring of his life was first awakened when about eleven, at which time the war in Turkey broke out, and he became intensely interested in every thing connected with the progress of the war, the locality of battles, the nations engaged, and the mode of warfare.

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There was no vanity shown, when, at this early age, his knowledge of statistical, historical, or geographical facts was referred to by men of learning. His love for completeness and the care exercised by his parents, prevented the development of any undue value of self. There was instilled into his mind a detestation of every low or unjust trait of character—and through his private and public life Niebuhr was an example of transparently-good motives, resulting in honorable action.

In 1794 he entered the University of Kiel, where, besides many valuable acquaintances, he engaged the friendship of Dr. Hensler, an aged professor, and that of his widowed daughter-in-law, Madame Hensler, who lived with him as a daughter. She was six years the senior of Niebuhr, and, it is said, "exerted a greater influence over his development and destiny than any other human being." Here, too, he first saw Miss Behrens—who afterward became his wife—at a time when he confessed to a shyness which so confused him that he could hardly speak to a lady. His studies were successfully pursued under able instructors, manifesting, however, his predilection for philology and history; he applied his mind to the philosophy of Kant, jurisprudence, mathematics, and the natural sciences; reading Roman law and history as a recreation.

Friendships were formed here which ran parallel with the lives of the reciprocating parties. The poet Jacobi, Count Stolberg, and Count Adam Moltke, were among the first. While at Kiel he wrote to Count Moltke of Jacobi, "He gains indescribably by a personal acquaintance, and seems to display in all his manners and his whole being a noble nature. His kindness and gentleness, his singular urbanity, his eloquence, the rich, unbroken flow of his discourse; I find that not one of his many admirers have praised him too highly." We may have occa-

sion to speak of these attachments again in view of their steadfastness.

In 1796, when only nineteen years of age, he assumed the duties of secretary to Count Schimmelman, the Danish Minister of Finance. This situation gave him access to the most distinguished officers of State and men of letters in Copenhagen, besides social intercourse with the highest families. He became Secretary to the Royal Library; and also had attractive offers from other quarters, yet remained in Copenhagen till the Summer of 1797, when he visited Kiel and concluded a betrothal with Amelia Behrens, daughter of Dr. Behrens, prefect of North Ditmarsh, and sister of Madame Hensler, mentioned before. While at Copenhagen he wrote to Count Moltke, "A happier lot could not have befallen me. With Schimmelman as a friend and instructor; freedom from all pecuniary cares during my youth; the best opportunity of being initiated into the arts of statesmanship with Schimmelman, and of advancing in scholarship by means of the Library here; it is my own fault if such advantages remain unimproved. But they are like precious gold mines, that rarely lie upon the surface of the earth, and require much toil to bring their treasures to light. I did not believe at first that it would be so difficult to profit as I ought by these gifts of fortune."

He now began to look hopefully forward to a professorship in Kiel; but his father was unwilling that he should settle till he had spent a few years in foreign travel. In accordance, therefore, with his father's wishes, he arranged his plans to make a tour through England, and to spend some time at the University of Edinburgh for the prosecution of his studies. Of the motives which induced this step, he wrote to Madame Hensler, "I should see a foreign country and must be a gainer by it. A somewhat lengthened preparation for the holiest society must have great advantages. I will strive and toil not to be unworthy of your sister, and deserve if I do not win her affections." Of Amelia he reported to Moltke, "She has a Roman character, which was always my ideal of a citizen's wife. Soft, weak, tender girlishness would neither elevate nor strengthen my character." Of a student's life he said, "The lot of a scholar working among his books is a wearisome one; he is constantly treading on the brink of pedantry, a yawning chasm. He must constantly keep his mind on the stretch, and can only succeed in slow degrees in his task of self-culture."

In June, 1798, he went to England, carrying letters to many eminent men, a few only of

which he presented; yet these opened the way for intercourse with many more. He was peculiarly gratified with the physical appearance of the country, and the fitting character of the laws. He studied the policy of the executive, the views of statesmen, the comprehensiveness of the judicial proceedings. He made himself acquainted with the character of the East India Company, their prosperity, method of administration, and obligations. At the University his time was employed with the natural sciences, philosophy, chemistry, agriculture, and mineralogy.

In 1800 Niebuhr returned to Copenhagen, and was appointed Assessor of the Board of Trade for the East India Company, with direction of the African Consulates. These positions afforded him a moderate salary, with which he entered upon the married state; the lady agreeing with his preference for a retired style of living, notwithstanding the many allurements to mingle in the courtly society of the gay world so near them. The record of their subsequent happy life proved the wisdom of their choice.

In 1804 Niebuhr was made first director of the bank, and given the fuller direction of the East India Board of Trade; which changes raised his official standing and increased his salary. The soundness of his views and the judiciousness of his measures were generally approved, while his management of the affairs of the bank received universal favor. His literary tastes and aspirations were reciprocated by his wife, and they read and conversed upon every subject, languages, laws, and literature. Niebuhr wrote to Moltke in 1804, "I felt for the first time the consciousness that I could produce something worthy of study, of fame, of immortality. I began a treatise of comprehensive scope and courageous freedom of thought on the Roman laws of property, and a history of the Agrarian laws." He was now master of twenty languages, but prosecuted the study of Arabic, re-read his favorite Latin authors, and looked out upon the storms which threatened all Europe with overthrow. An invitation to occupy a position in the Prussian Governmental service was accepted, and they left Copenhagen for Berlin in October, 1806. Carrying with them their love of quiet, and realizing their chief pleasure in mutual pursuits, Niebuhr and his wife demonstrated the existence of true conjugal ties. They attended a few court parties, but more frequently entertained a circle of the best minds at social dinners or evening reunions. These were for the interchange of views upon political action, and the quickening

of thought and sharpening of criticism upon literary and scientific subjects.

The war of Napoleon was in progress—the public mind was in an excited condition, and Niebuhr was one of the few to devise and suggest means for guiding the ship of State in safety through the peril. He watched the movements of Bonaparte with utter dislike toward him and his adherents. The great statesman could bear nothing false or pretending—no usurpation of an unholy ambition. He became dissatisfied with the aspect of affairs in the governmental service, and withdrew in 1810 to enter the University of Berlin, as Professor of Ancient Literature. In the Winter of 1811 he began a series of lectures on Roman history. These were given for the benefit of students attending the University; but attracted the attention of the public, and among his auditory were members of the Academy of Science, professors of the University, public men and officers of all grades. This unexpected success reacted upon Niebuhr's susceptible nature, and filled him with fresh inspiration. While he had previously felt a special partiality for this subject of research, his courage and inclination were now raised to the highest point by this respectful appreciation of his merits and constant and daily intercourse with distinguished scholars. This period was the golden one of his life. From this time forward he regarded writing a history of Rome as his vocation—the reading of years, the criticisms and best thoughts of his mind had been tending toward and fitting him for that work. He found time to write a number of small treatises, among others a "History of the Scythians and Sarmatians" for the Academy of Science, and a plan for the reorganization of the Provincial governments. In the Winter of 1812 he purposed delivering a series of lectures on Roman antiquities, but the French invasion and defeats so excited his mind that he again entered the turmoil and strife of political life. Toward the end of April, 1813, he received a royal summons to repair without delay to Dresden, where the King of Prussia and Emperor of Russia had already arrived. In pursuance of the treaty of Breslau, between the two sovereigns, a central council had been formed, charged with the provisional administration of the German countries reconquered by Napoleon—the execution of treaties with the princes of Germany respecting the troops, subsidies, and supplies to be contributed by each, and the appointment of Government officers within the provinces under its jurisdiction. Stein, who acted as the representative of Russia, was chairman of this coun-

cil. Shoen and Niebuhr were associated with him, as representatives of Prussia. Immediately upon his arrival in Dresden, Niebuhr was employed to negotiate with Lord Stewart respecting the subsidies to be advanced by England and afterward to draw up a commercial treaty between England and Prussia. He returned to Berlin in November, 1813, visited Holland and Holstein in 1814, and again retreated to the Prussian capital. He gave the Crown Prince instruction in finance, and wrote several pamphlets upon State topics. The vacillating and encroaching measures taken by parties occupying important offices under the Government gave him great annoyance.

A shadow was gathering over Niebuhr's home. He was called to mourn the death of his father, a man who had idolized his son without repentance; and his wife's health was rapidly declining. In the Spring of 1813 Madame Hensler hastened to her side, and shared in Niebuhr's cares and fatigues till, in the latter part of June, the sister died in the arms of her husband. Madame Niebuhr's death was an unspeakable bereavement to her companion. Their early marriage—the perfect harmony of their tastes—the perils and anxieties they had shared during the war—the passionate interest with which they both regarded political events—even their very childlessness had bound them so closely together that they had scarcely a thought apart from each other. It is a proof of the high character of her mind that she was capable of fully appreciating her husband's intellect, and of entering into all the topics which interested him. Such a union can exist only once in a lifetime. Not long after this event Niebuhr was appointed Ambassador to Rome, the one city of the world in his brilliant dreams, a sacred spot in his imaginations; but she who would have rejoiced with him in the appointment was gone, and he received the honor less in joy than sorrow. Some time elapsed before the State papers were finally arranged, and the instructions in reference to the principal object of the mission were not placed in his hands till after a residence at Rome of four years. Previous to starting upon this journey he was married to Margaret Hensler, niece of his sister-in-law, Madame Hensler. Niebuhr's young wife was well aware that his heart still clung too strongly to the past to be susceptible of positive happiness; but she trusted that time would restore him to a brighter frame of mind; she was of a noble, affectionate disposition, of strong, practical sense, and devoted to him; yet she could not enter into his trains of thought as fully as his first wife had done.

Niebuhr secured the services of Professor Brandis as his secretary, and as a traveling companion in the route to Rome; and he seems to have contributed much toward rendering the journey a cheerful one.

At Verona he made some discoveries which he valued highly, among the ancient manuscripts of the city. Yet in writing to Savigny he said, after describing these researches, "Thus immeasurably, almost oppressively rich in objects of interest do I find the progress of our journey, but my mind is veiled in the deepest night."

Of his impressions upon entering Rome we find a record of the same melancholy spirit. "Nothing about Rome is new to me. I lay so often for hours, as a child, before pictures of the city, that their images, even at that early age, were as distinctly impressed upon my mind as if I had seen them. Neither the city nor its inhabitants have any charms for me. The ruins are uncongenial to my taste; there is wonderfully little that is truly beautiful. The frescoes of Raphael and Michael Angelo are all that are really living in Rome." Yet we find that he came to worship the seven-hilled city, in a way of association, in unison with one who reveled in the atmosphere of her age-dimmed parchments and time-worn scrolls. The faults at which he grieved were that "ancient Rome had disappeared—it was only the modern city that was to be seen."

He took for their residence half of the Savelli palace, with a garden adorned with beautiful shrubbery, and orange-trees, and three fountains. These would enhance the pleasure of morning hours and soften the pulse of care in twilight rambles. In view of his official position Niebuhr found it necessary to see more company than ever before, to attend more ceremonial assemblies, and to receive upon terms of equality many whose titles alone won them favor. He was soon upon the most agreeable terms with the Pope, universally beloved by distinguished foreigners who repaired to Rome during his stay, and the especial friend of artists engaged in the study of painting or sculpture.

The birth of a son was announced to Madame Hensler, with a description of the mental aliment in store for his intellectual need. "I intend to teach him the ancient languages very early, by practice. I wish the child to believe all that is told him; it is better to tell children no tales, but keep to the poets."

The third volume of Roman History was begun in 1818, and continued through the two following years, besides writing a number of

smaller works requiring extensive knowledge. After a residence of six years at Rome, where the most flattering prospects lay before him of literary gain and political advancement, he resolved to sacrifice all for the hope of restoring the health of Madame Niebuhr, from whose cheek the breezes of Italy had wasted all the roses; and his children, whose education he watched untiringly, would also gain by being reared in Protestant Prussia. Of his son he wrote to Madame Hensler, "I succeed in teaching him as well as I could expect." He was five years old, yet Niebuhr says of him, "He already knows no inconsiderable number of Latin words, and he understands grammar so well that I can set him to learn parts of the conjugations, without their teasing him like dead matter; he divines many of the forms from his own feeling. It is my most ardent wish that Marcus may be sincerely and earnestly pious. I can not inspire this piety myself, but I can and will support a clergyman. His heart shall be raised to God as soon as he is capable of sentiment, and his childish feelings shall be expressed in prayers and hymns."

He took his family to Naples a few weeks previous to his final departure from Rome, spending the time with his friend De Serre, also an Ambassador at Court. Niebuhr was greatly pleased with Naples; he fancied the air more elastic; every thing more beautiful and cheerful than any where else in Italy. It was in the Spring of 1823 that he revisited Rome for the last time, and his ardent nature confessed to a love for even the *modern* city, with the recollection of much real happiness enjoyed in a residence there. Thus he wrote: "Do not take me for sentimental, because it seemed as though I was parting with a friend when I stood before the statue of Marcus Aurelius, as the countenance was lit up and animated by the brightest rays of the evening sun. I leave this place with sorrow, because I know that I leave many real advantages behind me which can not be replaced. May God give Gretchen health! May he preserve and develop the dear children! May he give me energy and wisdom to make use of the evening of my days!"

We are led constantly to admire the open expressions of friendship with which Niebuhr greeted his friends, and the just discrimination of praise when speaking of them to others. They always convey sentiments doing honor to his character. Toward Moltke, Jacobi, Nicolovius, Savigny, and some others, he manifested the warmest attachment; and of Madame Hensler he wrote to De Serre, "A friend of my youth, who, for a period of almost thirty years,



has guarded my steps like a guardian angel; a friend who has awakened in me the best powers of my heart and mind, and roused them to action." To Savigny, "Your letters operate upon me like blood upon a specter whom it nourishes. The time and space which separate me from a better life, disappear for the moment." To Nicolovius he wrote, "I always stand in such deep self-abasement before your humility and your overestimate of me. What am I? A decayed wreck." To De Serre, "I have no words to tell you how heartily I love you, and how acutely I miss your presence and your society." He set out for Bonn, through Florence, St. Gall, onward to the Rhine. Letters from these points are exceedingly interesting, suggestive of other, deeper things. There was an unsettled, unsatisfying state of government, which lay as a cloud over the rich scenery of Central Europe. Science, art, and literature were struggling for an existence in the reacting tide which followed war.

After establishing his family in Bonn in 1824, he received two commissions to work out through the Winter; one upon the erection of a national bank, the other upon the tenure of land among the Westphalian peasantry. He repaired to Berlin to present these papers, and to await further commands, when news of the death of his youngest child thrilled him with keenest sorrow; yet to Madame Niebuhr he wrote, after many expressions of condolence and regret, "This misfortune has brought us nearer together than any happiness could have done."

A course of lectures in the University at Bonn was continued through the years 1825, '26, '27. They included Roman history, geography, and antiquities, with a history of Greece. These years were green with laurels upon the historian's brow. His lectures were famous, translated into the principal languages of Europe, and his friends were men of mind, and rank, and influence. He received many visits from foreigners while in Bonn, and his faithful friend, the Crown Prince of Prussia, and the reigning King visited the Rhine repeatedly. The Summer of 1828 he took his family to Holstein to the house of Madame Hensler, in Kiel, spending the Summer among faces and landscapes unseen for twelve years. It was a too happy reunion, proving the last. Fully resolved to spend his life in Bonn, Niebuhr had built a new house, improved the grounds, and secured in Professor Classen a tutor for his son. In 1830 the new building was destroyed by fire, by which, though saving most of his library, he lost many valuable papers. He rebuilt, however, upon a more extensive scale; but the ac-

cident interfered materially with his plans for study and enjoyment. His mind was ill at ease, when the Revolution in France shocked him more thoroughly than any private disappointment could have done; then the case of Charles Tenth absorbed his whole being, and was indirectly the cause of his death. He was reading the French journals of the trial, and to do so was obliged to repair to the reading-rooms, which were very warm, and after reading till a late hour with fur cloak still on, was suddenly chilled upon encountering the keen winds of a Christmas night.

He went home, was stricken down with inflammation of the lungs, which terminated his life the 2d of January, 1831. His faithful wife, worn by watching and overwhelmed with grief at his death, survived him only nine days. Her sorrow was most pitiful—no tears could fall—she prayed for the unsealing of the fountain, but it came not. They were buried in one grave, and the King of Prussia erected a monument over the spot to their memory. The children were taken to Madame Hensler, at Kiel, and the finishing of the last volume of the Roman history was the work of Professor Classen, tutor in the family and a devoted friend.

As a scholar, Niebuhr exhibited great thoroughness and extensiveness in his attainments, great diligence in apprehending truth in every department which he explored, whether of science or literature. As a statesman his views were formed upon philosophical bases, and his political actions were marked by that rare virtue in public men, strict integrity. In his private life was revealed a high tone of social sentiment, a warm heart capable of the most unwavering friendship. We have found so much to admire, to stimulate, to instruct in Niebuhr's life, that we truly lament that his faith in the Christian religion was not confirmed by experimental testimony.

#### "TAKE THESE THINGS HENCE."

BY MRS. M. A. BIGELOW.

"TAKE these things hence," the precious Savior said,  
When in the temple, sanctified by prayer,  
He saw the spirit of the world was shed,  
And men were paying their oblations there  
At mammon's shrine.

"Take these things hence," my heart doth oft exclaim,  
When cares are found upon its inner shrine;  
O Lord, 't is thine abode, and now I claim  
Thy searching presence and thine aid divine;  
Take these things hence.

## OUT OF THE DARKNESS.

BY WAIF WOODLAND.

## CHAPTER I.

"THAT seems some like living!" and the blithe fair-faced woman brought her feet to a sudden stand before the open door, and raising her hand to shade her eyes from the bright May sunshine, she stood there and took a long, gratified survey of the new structure, which, under the plastic hands of busy workmen, was rapidly growing into an edifice of architectural grace and completeness.

"Some like living, Robbie, mamma's darling," and turning away she stooped to tie the little palm-leaf hat over the golden hair and sweet sunny face, which monopolized full two-thirds of all her thoughts and calculations. Then covering his lips with kisses, she lifted him tenderly over the huge door-stone, and bidding him "play with the butterflies," sat down near an open window to keep a mother's surveillance, and plan—for the fortieth time perhaps—the appointments and furnishings of her prospective paradise.

Rare vines should climb the stately pillars and shut in the veranda with fragrance and beauty, and there, among birds and blossoms, with the wealth of toys which was daily accumulating, should be little Robbie's Summer retreat. And the nicest and airiest little room in the house—close to hers and papa's—with its quaint carpet and dainty bed, should be the dear child's dormitory.

Thus her thoughts ran on through the whole, hallowing each apartment with something which would in the coming years materially contribute to the enjoyment of her precious child. No words fell from the lips of Mrs. Bradley, but you could see by the cheerful light which sparkled in her dark eyes and flitted over her features, that the thoughts which were reveling in her busy brain were pleasant as the ripple of Summer brooks.

At length, forgetting the new house and its appendants, her thoughts wandered off into a programme of the changes so soon to be made in Robbie's wardrobe. The tidy little sleeve-aprons must give place to embroidered jackets; and the fanciful pants which were to supersede the soft, short dresses, were already waiting their inauguration.

I wonder if the angels, as they fitted to and fro on their missions, caught any murmur of Mrs. Bradley's heart-talk, or thought, as the tasteful little garments were brought out and carefully considered, of the many robes, purer

and whiter than these, waiting for whom they were prepared.

When the maples hung out their banners of gold and crimson, and the dropping of nuts was heard in the forests, the old house stood tenantless, and the Bradleys, duly installed, were dispensing the hospitalities of their new and sumptuous home. Very busily had the early Autumn days been passed in bringing together and arranging the rich furniture which gave such an air of luxuriance to their magnificent apartments. When all was settled there came a pause, a brief season of enjoyment, deep and sweet perhaps, but portentous as the lull of the elements; when the shadow of a great trial came down the pleasant valley and settled dark and heavily upon the home and hearts of the Bradleys.

For three days and nights the flood-gates of human agony stood open. Prayers and tears, efforts and entreaties were poured out unceasingly. When the fourth day dawned Robbie Bradley left his little clay tenement and went to live with the angels. Few of life's waves wash to our feet pearls only. The little crafts we send out with so much hope and promise, drift back to us often disabled and pitiful wrecks, or go down in mid-ocean leagues and leagues away from the spot, where, with eager, wistful eyes, we watch for their coming.

After all was over and the grave's door had shut down on the one hope of Mr. and Mrs. Bradley's lives, the large house—all that was not needed for daily use—was closed, and the lone mother, white and solemn as a specter, wandered abstractedly through the darkened rooms, or sat with bowed head and a listless, vacant air, utterly refusing to be comforted.

For a time her husband deeply participated in her sorrow. Both yearned for the soft touch of the little hand that had vanished—the ringing laugh and sweet, childish prattle that was hushed forever. But as the months wore on, business often called Mr. Bradley from home, and the friction of society soon blunted somewhat the keenness of his grief. Then the strong tides of social life set in, and Stephen Bradley slowly and almost unconsciously at first was drifted away from the home which was daily growing less and less attractive, from the sad, sorrowing wife, and the little green grave which smiled so peacefully in the cool shadow of the larches.

## CHAPTER II.

It was a dewy, delicious morning in the early Summer, three years after little Robbie's death, when a lady—on whose face the law of kindness

was beautifully impressed—walked slowly up the grassy path, evidently meditating on the many proofs of heart-sickness which lay around her. There stood the house, with its deep silences and closed shutters, and there the veranda with its graceful pillars and fairy-like trellis, but not a flower nor shrub lifted its head to bless the day with sweetness, nor even a bird's song cleft the air with its melody. After mounting the steps Mrs. Jones paused, and a picture of the white, stony face within rose up to confront her. Resolutely she put it aside, and with a whispered prayer on her lips tapped lightly on the side-door, and a moment after was standing in the presence of a servant.

"I wish to see your mistress, Bridget; let me go to her unannounced."

"Not by a hape, marm; Mrs. Bradley would niver be after forgivin' one who should bring in a visitor in that fashion."

"Where is she, Bridget?"

"Where, and sure where should she be spendin' the blessed mornin', but in the little room which no feet but her own ever enters?"

"I am not a visitor, Bridget, but your mistress's special friend, and must see her at once."

Mrs. Jones spoke in a low, authoritative manner, and the stout girl, as if feeling her mental superiority, drew back and allowed her to pass. Either through accident or to admit the fresh air, the door of the sacred little room, which had been so daintily fitted up for the child who would never need it more, was left slightly ajar, and as Mrs. Jones approached it she caught a glimpse of the tiny white bed, and Mrs. Bradley, robed in heavy black garments, kneeling beside it, her face buried deep in one of the downy pillows. Noiselessly she glided over the soft carpet, and depositing a little bundle, which had been carefully concealed under the ample folds of her light cloak, on the opposite pillow, she withdrew to await the result in Mrs. Bradley's own room.

The two ladies had been friends from girlhood, and justly appreciating Mrs. Bradley's innate excellence, Mrs. Jones could not see the life which had been so full of promise wrecked without coming earnestly to the rescue. Failing, as she hitherto had, of success, many a weaker spirit would have abandoned the effort as hopeless; but Mrs. Jones had strong faith and a steady purpose to save her friend: so imploring Heaven for aid, she had come this time to experiment on the dormant sympathies, which she firmly believed would eventually awaken to their former sensibility.

Scarcely was she seated in the adjoining room before the short, troubled respirations from the

opposite pillow reached the kneeling woman, and springing to her feet she stood a moment riveted to the spot by amazement. Then turning she would have fled from what seemed the fantasy of a bewildered imagination, but a low, beseeching wail, and two little dimpled hands uplifted imploringly, brought her back to the bedside.

A woman's tender impulse moved her, and the babe, white and airy as a snow-flake, lay smiling—in strange contrast—on the heavy black apparel which covered her bosom, as she entered the room where Mrs. Jones was sitting.

"Alice Jones!" she exclaimed, stopping short and staring with that wild, vacant look, which, if not the proof of an already-disordered mind, is always its precursor.

"My dear Maria," said Mrs. Jones, after greeting her with a warm salutation, "have I given you too great a surprise?"

Without deigning an answer Mrs. Bradley threw herself into an easy chair, and pointing to another very near her said somewhat sternly, "Sit down, Alice." Mrs. Jones obeyed.

"Whose child is this?"

"God's," replied Mrs. Jones reverently.

"How came it here?"

"He sent it."

"By you, of course."

"Yes, Maria, by me."

"You desired to probe the old wound, I suppose, that you might see some new demonstrations of my suffering."

Mrs. Jones was pained. "You are severe upon me," she said sorrowfully, "unjustly so; but I hope to convince you that my errand was not prompted by so base a motive." Then in language made pathetic by her own deep feelings she narrated the touching story of the babe's orphanage and helpless destitution. "And now, Maria," she continued, "strange as it may appear, from the arms of her dying mother I received little Bertha expressly for you. Your home, with no child-music in it, was cold, and dark, and cheerless, and something said to me, 'A babe in the house is a well-spring of gladness—carry her there,' so I have brought her; will you accept the gift?"

With a bowed head and troubled countenance Mrs. Bradley sat several minutes, evidently struggling with conflicting emotions. At length she became calm, and lifting one of the rose-tinted hands to her lips answered solemnly, "I wronged you, Alice; pardon me. God knows how dearly I could have loved this child once, but it is too late now—too late. My heart is devastated. All its love and tenderness were buried in the grave with—I must

speak the name, Alice, I long to hear it—little Robbie." Mrs. Jones was moved to tears. "It was kind in you, Alice, very, but I can not accept the gift—can not give his birthright to another if I would. The picture of his grieved face would haunt me forever with reproaches."

"Is it not possible," replied Mrs. Jones, "that looking from your stand-point you get an incorrect glimpse of this picture?"

"I judge from the light I have," said Mrs. Bradley bitterly.

"That is true, Maria, but perhaps we can get a better light: allow me to illustrate." And the earnest little woman called up an afternoon which they had passed together once at the house of a friend, and the circumstance of a babe being left there in their friend's care while its mother transacted some business in the village.

"I remember it well," replied Mrs. Bradley, "and the injured look which stole over little Robbie's face when he noticed my attentions to the child."

"Only at first, Maria. You must remember, too, when I appealed to his sympathies, how his large, eloquent eyes were lifted to yours, and he pleaded, 'Take the baby home, ma, and let her be Robbie's little sister!'"

"Yes, Alice, but were not his first feelings truest to nature?"

"To our lower, earthly nature perhaps; not to that noble, self-sacrificing, compassionate nature which God has planted deep down in the human heart. An inhabitant of that beautiful country, where no breath of selfishness ever comes to ruffle the spirit, little Robbie would say to you now more earnestly even than then, 'Take the baby home, ma, and let her be Robbie's sister.'"

The hard crust of apathy which in solitude had been forming around the heart of Mrs. Bradley was broken, and she wept convulsively. They were the first tears Mrs. Jones had seen her shed since Robbie's burial, and she silently hailed them as harbingers of good. She knew the heart-soil must first be stirred, and fervently besought God to plant therein the seeds of a holier, happier life.

"I have lost my way, Alice," at length she said with a faltering voice, "and dare not, would not for the world, presume to guide another while my own feet are stumbling in darkness. Take her away, Alice; my decision is unalterable."

Mrs. Jones saw that further argument would be useless, so rising to depart she reached for the babe. Instinctively the hands of the bereft mother closed over it, then suddenly relax-

ing, with large tears rolling down her pale face, she murmured,

"Yes, it *must* be right. God meant me to be alone or he would n't have taken Robbie."

"The Lord bless you, my poor friend, and guide your feet into that path which leads unto eternal life!" And with a warm grasp of hands and another whispered blessing Mrs. Jones departed.

Never had Mrs. Bradley's home seemed so perfectly devoid of comfort, nor her heart so entirely hopeless as in the first few minutes after her friend left.

Up and down the room she paced with a rapid step, opened the door of Robbie's room, and looked in to see just where the babe had lain, meanwhile asking herself over and over if it were well that she had put from her reach the only earthly solace for which her heart had pleaded.

"O mistress! mistress Bradley! for the love of the howly Virgin," and the broken dialect of the frightened girl, mingled with the sharp, startling screams of an infant, scattered Mrs. Bradley's morbid cogitations to the wind.

"What is it, Bridget?" she asked, hurrying down; "tell me what has happened?"

"O, the howly Virgin! The lady is smashed intirely. And this that I picked up is kilt altogether; the saints in heaven save us!"

Perceiving that the child was more frightened than injured, Mrs. Bradley bade the girl "be calm and quiet it if possible," and hastened on to look after the safety of her friend. At the door she met her.

"What is it, Alice? Do tell me what has happened!"

"Nothing serious," replied Mrs. Jones, attempting a smile; but her face was so pinched and colorless, and she was trembling so violently, that Mrs. Bradley took hold of her arm to conduct her to an easy seat. A sharp, quick cry leaped from the livid lips which were trying so hard to put on their old cheerfulness, and the hand, swollen and slightly discolored, fell powerless by her side.

"Do n't be frightened, Maria; sit down and I will tell you; it is n't serious, only it gave us such a scare. The horse was startled at something by the roadside, and becoming unmanageable upset the carriage and threw us all to the ground. The boy held him, however, and I believe there is nothing broken."

"Except your arm."

"Only sprained at the wrist, I think; how is the baby?"

"All right intirely—the saints be praised! and gone off into as nice a slape as iver yer



ladyship could wish to see," answered Bridget, laughing heartily.

### CHAPTER III.

A few days after the accident, when Mr. Bradley returned from the city, he entered the house at the side-door, and not seeing his wife below laid off his hat and traveling-coat, put his feet in slippers, set his cane in a corner of the hall, and went straight up to her room. Scarcely had his hand touched the door-knob when it fell as if struck with sudden paralysis, and stepping back a few paces he inclined forward, as if listening, and a strange, puzzled expression stole over his handsome face. He was not mistaken. Out through the key-hole floated the low, sweet hum of a cradle song. He stood rapt with wonder till the music ceased, then opening the door saw, to his astonishment, a little crib in the center of the room, and his wife bending over it with that tender, solicitous mother-look which, to a noble-minded man, is always the most sacred incarnation of beauty.

One glimpse only, then Mrs. Bradley was at his side with a touch of the old cheerfulness in her tone and manner, which he feared had gone out forever.

"Well, well, Maria! what does this all mean?" And his face—partly from surprise—partly from pain of the old sad memory which stirred in his heart, put on a look strangely stern and solemn.

Mrs. Bradley attempted an answer, but her eyes filled, her bosom heaved, and the words died on her lips unspoken.

"My poor, dear Maria!" he exclaimed in a tone of inimitable tenderness, "I did n't mean to wound you, indeed I did n't," and he drew the drooping head to his breast, stroking the dark, wavy hair, and kissing the white forehead again and again, as if she were a spoiled, petted child. What the long, earnest conversation that followed was we will not say; but in the village sprung up soon afterward a new subject for gossip, which was that Stephen Bradley had suddenly ignored his old habits and taken to spending his evenings at home. Now Stephen Bradley was naturally a large-souled man. Such a man as any true woman might love and be proud of, and was really dearer to his wife than even her own existence. But somehow the great shadow which fell so suddenly upon her life, blighted and chilled the affectional part of her nature, so that it yielded but few blooms and little fragrance. Then, amid the gloom and darkness of home, the large, genial heart grew restless and hungry, and at length turned to

seek its requisite aliment elsewhere. Rumor soon began to insinuate, and the soft, dark eyes of Stephen Bradley actually did flash and burn at times with an unnatural brilliance.

Did his wife observe this? Perhaps, though she gave no sign.

"Wife, I wish the little thing were ours," broke out Mr. Bradley one evening while amusing himself with the child.

Mrs. Bradley smiled—not a faint, sad smile this time, but one full of calm, happy sweetness.

"Would it please you to adopt little Bertha, Stephen?"

"Exceedingly."

"Then why not?"

"Because, dear, you said we were only to keep her till Mrs. Jones recovered the use of her arm."

"I did n't intend to, but Mrs. Jones has children—we have n't."

"Are you really in earnest, Maria, and willing to keep her always?"

"Entirely willing. Indeed, unless God takes her I could hardly give her up now. We will be to her as own parents, Stephen, and she shall be darling Robbie's little sister."

"Then we are no longer childless, Maria," and the strong man bowed his head and wept for the new-born gladness.

"Can this be the place, Herbert?" and the lady's eyes fairly dilated with pleasure as they swept over the artistically-arranged grounds.

"What a change the few short years of our absence have wrought! Beautiful! beautiful!"

"Yes, Alice, this is beautiful, truly. The strange old magician, Time, has been working wonders here at least," and the strong upraised arms lifted her from the dusty, travel-stained carriage, to a fresh, green, earthy carpet of exceeding richness.

"See here, darling," and looking through the cool, shadowy walk flanked on either side with flowers and shrubbery, they saw Mr. Bradley emerging from the vine-clad veranda to meet them.

A little girl of rare sweetness clung to his hand, and a lady of noble bearing and calm, thoughtful dignity, stood in the open doorway a moment, then came hurriedly down the steps with a warm welcome greeting.

"O Alice!" said Mrs. Bradley as she walked beside her, "it seems so good to look on your face again; and now we are to have you near us once more, I anticipate a world of enjoyment."

"It will be pleasant, very. I am tired with

travel and sight-seeing; but whom have you here, Maria?"

"Only a little party of friends. Our church needs some repairs, and the ladies are defraying the expense by mite societies. They meet here this afternoon."

Just then a murmur of voices mingling in cheerful conversation floated out through the open windows, the aroma of early blossoms filled the air with fragrance, birds flitted here and there, warbling low, sweet snatches of delicious melody, and the sun just dropping behind the western hills gilded and glorified a landscape which, to Mrs. Jones, seemed full of all earthly sweetness.

"And this is little Bertha," said Mrs. Jones smiling and extending her hand. "You do not know me, my child."

"Mamma has told me about you," she answered timidly, pushing the brown ringlets back from her handsome forehead, and fastening her large eyes on the lady's face with a strange, thoughtful expression.

"Ay, what has she told you of me, Bertha?"

"I could n't tell all," she replied pensively; "only once when we went to plant flowers on mamma Carson's grave she said I was left alone in a little cradle, and God said, 'Carry the baby to mamma Bradley,' and you brought me just as God told you, did n't you, Mrs. Jones?"

"Yes, Bertha, I brought you just as God told me, and you are very happy I see," and the ladies exchanged glances, which told that each were gratified listeners. The little girl's eyes had wandered to the floor, but she lifted them again to the face of Mrs. Jones brimful of pleasure, and said earnestly, "You was real good to bring me here, and I am going to send my biggest doll and a whole lot of playthings to Fred and Anna for pay. You'll carry them, won't you?" But hearing her papa's call, little Bertha slipped her hand from the fingers which released it, and ran off without waiting for an answer.

"She is a precious child," said Mrs. Bradley, "and we love her very much indeed, but we are trying to remember constantly that she is only a lent treasure."

"May God help you!" replied Mrs. Jones fervently.

That evening, when the party had dispersed and Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Bradley were conversing in the library, the two ladies wandered away to the little room hallowed by precious memories, one an attentive listener, the other an eloquent narrator of the process by which she had at the last been brought from darkness into light.

"I was a wicked, selfish woman, Alice," continued Mrs. Bradley, and God's love and kindness alone would not have reached me. His favors I considered as my rights, and enjoyed them thanklessly. I had one idol, God put forth his hand and crushed it, and I was stunned, paralyzed for a time, soul and body. All my interests in life died outright, and the only favor I craved was the luxury of bearing my sorrow unconsolated. I wanted to feel the whole weight of it, no matter if it crushed me. This room, where so many associations clustered, was my soul's sanctuary; and after Robbie left it, no foot but his father's and mine was allowed to cross its threshold.

"His clothes were to us sacred memorials, and even his name, lest it should be desecrated by common use, lay on our lips unspoken. The world was discordant and heartless it seemed to me then, and noisy, and I hated—abandoned it. Its wretchedness was overshadowed by my own, and I lost sight of it. Not till your words, dear Alice, dropped their blessed light upon my darkened life did I dream that it was as I afterward saw it, all wrong and selfish."

"Thank God!" exclaimed Mrs. Jones fervently. "It was not my words, Maria, but his Spirit which so mercifully enlightened you."

Mrs. Bradley rose, and bending over the little bed by which she had been sitting, printed a kiss on the fair face which peeped out from its snowy covering, then turning to the wardrobe and opening wide the doors she said, "See, Alice, his little garments are gone—all gone but this one suit to look on."

"I could not bear that they should hang here just for Time to prey upon; so one by one I have made them Robbie's messengers of gladness to some needy child, and under each of these small sacrifices—for I did love them, Alice—I found a rich mine of enjoyment."

"Ah, Maria, Heaven be praised that you have found at last the true path! Our sweetest enjoyments are, I believe, always born of the sacrifices we make for others."

"But it was you who prompted me, Alice; you who unlocked the doors of my darkened heart, and God sent little Bertha into its gloomy depths with light and music. Like a blessed angel she has brightened all our paths, and saved—though I have never said it before, Alice, even to my own husband—but that dear child which God seemed to force upon me by the merest accident, has saved my life from insanity."

"And mine, though I have never said it before," exclaimed a solemn voice, "from the snare

of that cup which at the last biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

Then the husband and wife, standing there with clasped hands, knew for the first how fearful was that darkness out of which a little child had led them.

#### TENNYSON'S ENOCH ARDEN.

MR. TENNYSON'S new and eagerly-expected volume has been welcomed and read by thousands of admirers on both sides of the Atlantic. We do not intend to criticise, but to use it. Enoch Arden is a poem of elaborate finish and great power. It is fully equal to any thing the poet-laureate has written. It is a simple and touching story, of course "done" in the highest style of the poetic art. It records the varying fortunes of a sea-faring man and his family, with the remarkable shape which circumstances and the accidents of the sea gave to the life of a couple whose early days were bright and happy, but whose evening was clouded by a great sorrow. The touching climax of the story is the return of a long-lost husband to find his wife belonging to another, and his children lovingly embracing a new father. The incident is one that we trust does not often happen; yet the possibility, and, indeed, the probability that it has its counterpart in the real life of sea-faring communities, gives the remarkable story a sufficient air of truthfulness to make it exceedingly touching.

We are first introduced to a beach on the sea-coast, which is graphically described:

"Here on this beach a hundred years ago,  
Three children of three houses, Annie Lee,  
The prettiest little damsel in the port,  
And Philip Ray, the miller's only son,  
And Enoch Arden, a rough sailor's lad,  
Made orphan by a Winter shipwreck, played  
Among the waste and lumber of the shore,  
Hard coils of cordage, swartly fishing-nets,  
Anchors of rusty fluke, and boats updrawn;  
And built their castles of dissolving sand  
To watch them overflowed, or following up  
And flying the white breaker, daily left  
The little footprint daily washed away.

A narrow cave ran in beneath the cliff:  
In this the children played at keeping house.  
Enoch was host one day, Philip the next,  
While Annie still was mistress; but at times  
Enoch would hold possession for a week:  
'This is my house and this my little wife.'  
'Mine, too,' said Philip, 'turn and turn about.'  
When, if they quarreled, Enoch stronger made  
Was master: then would Philip, his blue eyes

All flooded with the helpless wrath of tears,  
Shriek out, 'I hate you, Enoch,' and at this  
The little wife would weep for company,  
And pray them not to quarrel for her sake,  
And say she would be little wife to both."

Enoch wooed and won the maiden for his real wife:

"So these were wed, and merrily rang the bells,  
And merrily ran the years, seven happy years,  
Seven happy years of health and competence,  
And mutual love and honorable toil;  
With children, first a daughter. In him woke,  
With his first babe's first cry, the noble wish  
To save all earnings to the uttermost,  
And give his child a better bringing-up  
Than his had been, or hers; a wish renewed,  
When two years after came a boy to be  
The rosy idol of her solitudes,  
While Enoch was abroad on wrathful seas,  
Or often journeying landward; for in truth  
Enoch's white horse, and Enoch's ocean spoil  
In ocean-smelling osier, and his face,  
Rough-reddened with a thousand Winter gales,  
Not only to the market-cross were known,  
But in the leafy lanes behind the down,  
Far as the portal-warding lion-whelp,  
And peacock yew-tree of the lonely Hall,  
Whose Friday fare was Enoch's ministering."

Three children were born to them, and the joy and pride of the father's heart was to labor and provide for them. But a severe accident laid him up for a time, and he saw his little means wasting away. He determined to go as boatswain on a voyage to China, in which he hoped to make his fortune. He sold his boat, his horse, and his wagon, and with the proceeds stocked a little store, from which Annie was to support herself, and went away with high visions of the wealth he would bring back again. The parting is thus beautifully described:

"Enoch rose,  
Cast his strong arms about his drooping wife,  
And kissed his wonder-stricken little ones;  
But for the third, the sickly one, who slept  
After a night of feverous wakefulness,  
When Annie would have roused him Enoch said,  
'Wake him not; let him sleep; how should the child  
Remember this?' and kissed him in his cot.  
But Annie from her baby's forehead clipt  
A tiny curl, and gave it: this he kept  
Thro' all his future; but now hastily caught  
His bundle, waved his hand, and went his way."

Annie does not succeed in her store, but she finds a friend in Philip, now "rich and well to do," who supports her children at school and sees that she does not want. Ten years pass, during which Enoch is not heard from, and Philip continues his disinterested kindness—for

they were truly disinterested—when one day he addresses Annie:

"Annie, there is a thing upon my mind,  
And it has been upon my mind so long  
That though I know not when it first came there,  
I know that it will out at last. O Annie,  
It is beyond all hope, against all chance,  
That he who left you ten long years ago  
Should still be living; well then—let me speak;  
I grieve to see you poor and wanting help;  
I can not help you as I wish to do  
Unless—they say that women are so quick—  
Perhaps you know what I would have you know—  
I wish you for my wife. I fain would prove  
A father to your children: I do think  
They love me as a father: I am sure  
That I love them as if they were mine own,  
And I believe, if you were fast my wife,  
That after all these sad uncertain years,  
We might be still as happy as God grants  
To any of his creatures. Think upon it;  
For I am well to do—no kin, no care,  
No burden, save my care for you and yours;  
And we have known each other all our lives,  
And I have loved you longer than you know."

Then answered Annie; tenderly she spoke:  
'You've been as God's good angel in our house.  
God bless you for it, God reward you for it,  
Philip, with something happier than myself.  
Can one love twice? can you be ever loved  
As Enoch was? what is it that you ask?'  
'I am content,' he answered, 'to be loved  
A little after Enoch.' 'O,' she cried,  
Scared as it were, 'dear Philip, wait a while;  
If Enoch comes—but Enoch will not come—  
Yet wait a year, a year is not so long,  
Surely I shall be wiser in a year;  
O, wait a little!' Philip sadly said,  
'Annie, as I have waited all my life  
I well may wait a little.' 'Nay,' she cried,  
'I am bound; you have my promise—in a year:  
Will you not bide your year as I bide mine?'  
And Philip answered, 'I will bide my year.'

The year runs out; still she hesitates. She consults her Bible for a sign. The first passage which meets her eye is, "Under a palm-tree," which she construes to mean that Enoch dwells in the abode of the blessed. At length, after ten long, weary years of waiting for his return, she marries Philip, whose love had only grown the stronger by years of delay, and who had truly been a father to the two surviving children. Meanwhile after great vicissitudes Enoch returns; but learning the state of the case, he generously resolves to remain incognito:

"But Enoch yearned to see her face again;  
'If I might look on her sweet face again  
And know that she is happy.' So the thought  
Haunted and harassed him, and drove him forth,  
At evening when the dull November day  
Was growing duller twilight, to the hill.

There he sat down gazing on all below;  
There did a thousand memories roll upon him,  
Unspeaking for sadness. By and by  
The ruddy square of comfortable light,  
Far blazing from the rear of Philip's house,  
Allured him, as the beacon-blaze allures  
The bird of passage, till he madly strikes  
Against it, and beats out his weary life."

Of course his desire to see Annie in her new home becomes irresistible. He steals up by the wall of the house:

"For Philip's dwelling fronted on the street,  
The latest house to landward; but behind,  
With one small gate that opened on the waste,  
Flourished a little garden square and walled;  
And in it throve an ancient evergreen,  
A yew-tree, and all round it ran a walk  
Of shingle, and a walk divided it;  
But Enoch shunned the middle walk and stole  
Up to the wall, behind the yew; and thence  
That which he better might have shunned, if griefs  
Like his have worse or better, Enoch saw."

The description of the scene of peaceful happiness in the house of Philip, the broken-hearted husband and father gazing upon it from without, with its effect upon him, is exquisitely tender and touching:

"For cups and silver on the burnished board  
Sparkled and shone; so genial was the hearth;  
And on the right hand of the hearth he saw  
Philip, the slighted suitor of old times,  
Stout, rosy, with his babe across his knee;  
And o'er her second father stooped a girl,  
A later but a loftier Annie Lee,  
Fair-haired and tall, and from her lifted hand  
Dangled a length of ribbon and a ring  
To tempt the babe, who reared his creasy arms,  
Caught at and ever missed it, and they laughed:  
And on the left hand of the hearth he saw  
The mother glancing often toward her babe,  
But turning now and then to speak with him,  
Her son, who stood beside her tall and strong,  
And saying that which pleased him, for he smiled.

Now when the dead man came to life beheld  
His wife, his wife no more, and saw the babe  
Hers, yet not his, upon the father's knee,  
And all the warmth, the peace, the happiness,  
And his own children tall and beautiful,  
And him, that other, reigning in his place,  
Lord of his rights and of his children's love—  
Then he, though Miriam Lane had told him all,  
Because things seen are mightier than things heard,  
Staggered and shook, holding the branch, and feared  
To send abroad a shrill and terrible cry,  
Which in one moment, like the blast of doom,  
Would shatter all the happiness of the hearth."

Poor man! broken-hearted and sorrowful he turns away:

"Softly like a thief,  
Lest the harsh shingle should grate under foot,



And feeling all along the garden-wall,  
Lest he should swoon and tumble and be found,  
Crept to the gate, and opened it, and closed,  
As lightly as a sick man's chamber door,  
Behind him, and came out upon the waste.

And there he would have knelt, but that his knees  
Were feeble, so that falling prone he dug  
His fingers into the wet earth, and prayed.

'Too hard to bear! why did they take me thence?  
O God Almighty, blessed Savior, thou  
That didst uphold me on my lonely isle,  
Uphold me, Father, in my loneliness  
A little longer! aid me, give me strength  
Not to tell her, never to let her know.  
Help me not to break in upon her peace.  
My children, too! must I not speak to these?  
They know me not. I should betray myself.  
Never: no father's kiss for me—the girl  
So like her mother, and the boy, my son.'

He wends his way back to the tavern where  
he had stopped. He then reveals himself to  
Miriam Lane, his hostess, under her solemn  
pledge that she would not divulge his secret  
till after his death, which he feels is drawing  
near. When she would persuade him from his  
purpose he exclaims:

"Woman, disturb me not now at the last,  
But let me hold my purpose till I die.  
Sit down again; mark me and understand,  
While I have power to speak. I charge you now,  
When you shall see her, tell her that I died  
Blessing her, praying for her, loving her;  
Save for the bar between us, loving her  
As when she laid her head beside my own.  
And tell my daughter Annie, whom I saw  
So like her mother, that my latest breath  
Was spent in blessing her and praying for her.  
And tell my son that I died blessing him.  
And say to Philip that I blest him too;  
He never meant us any thing but good.  
But if my children care to see me dead,  
Who hardly knew me living, let them come;  
I am their father; but she must not come,  
For my dead face would vex her after-life.  
And now there is but one of all my blood,  
Who will embrace me in the world to be:  
This hair is his: she cut it off and gave it,  
And I have borne it with me all these years,  
And thought to bear it with me to my grave;  
But now my mind 's changed, for I shall see him,  
My babe in bliss: wherefore when I am gone,  
Take, give her this, for it may comfort her;  
It will moreover be a token to her,  
That I am he."

Three days afterward he dies. The death-  
scene is vividly painted:

"Then the third night after this,  
While Enoch slumbered motionless and pale,  
And Miriam watched and dozed at intervals,  
There came so loud a calling of the sea,  
That all the houses in the haven rang.

He woke, he rose, he spread his arms abroad  
Crying with a loud voice, 'A sail! a sail!  
I am saved;' and so fell back and spoke no more.

So past the strong, heroic soul away.  
And when they buried him the little port  
Had seldom seen a costlier funeral."

### THE RESURRECTION.

BY REV. B. M. GENUNG.

**A**MONG the many mysteries that are grouped  
together and inseparably connected with  
our existence, is the resurrection of the body.  
Not a single instance of this has ever been  
witnessed by any person now living on the  
earth, yet it is as truly an article of the Chris-  
tian's faith as is the item of history, that Jesus  
of Nazareth rose from the dead and ascended  
to heaven. Probably no one would have en-  
tertained an idea of such an event had it not  
been derived from the Bible. From sources  
outside of that book, from natural religion, it  
might have been inferred that the soul will live  
hereafter; but that the body would ever rise  
and live again after it had died, was such a  
wonder to be believed as to require the infalli-  
ble proofs of Divine revelation with the sanc-  
tion of God.

Instead of receiving and propagating this  
doctrine in the bold outline in which the Bible  
holds it forth, and as it would naturally strike  
a candid reader, many are disposed to narrow  
it down as near to some rule of natural phi-  
losophy as possible, as though that would make  
it better understood or easier of belief. Hence  
one adopts the germ system, so finely attenu-  
ated that even with a logical microscope it can  
scarcely be found and certainly not understood.  
Another supposes that a very few of the par-  
ticles which compose the body will be collected  
and formed into the future resurrection bodies;  
and others, that atoms which never belonged  
to the body will be brought together and made  
to constitute those bodies that will be raised.

Unless it be at least some of the body which  
is deposited in the grave, it will be no resur-  
rection at all, but the creation of a new body.  
What is the evident teaching of the Scriptures  
on this subject? Why, clearly enough that the  
*same body* from which the soul is separated *at*  
*death*, will be raised and changed into an in-  
corruptible, spiritual, powerful, and immortal  
body, and united again to the departed spirit,  
*the whole redeemed man will be there* ready for  
the judgment and for eternal life. Less than  
this seems less than the Scriptures teach.

On the subject of the resurrection the Bible is plain and positive. It shows that "there shall be a resurrection of the dead, both of the just and unjust;" that "all that are in the graves shall hear his voice and shall come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation;" that when Christ shall come again from heaven, he will "change our vile body"—not some other body; not a body composed of foreign items—but "our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body."

Many other passages prove the same sublime and glorious doctrine, so full of hope and comfort to the believer, a doctrine peculiar to the Bible and worthy of its infinite Author.

We know it is easy to ask questions and raise objections concerning any thing. Now, as in Paul's day, it may be asked, "How are the dead raised up, and with what body do they come?" "Of what height, or size and appearance will they be?" But these questions amount to nothing. God has declared that he will accomplish this miraculous change, and we believe him competent to the work, and with David every true believer will "be satisfied" when he awakes from the long sleep of death, to find himself so gloriously changed into the likeness of the Redeemer.

The objection is sometimes made, that if the whole identical body be raised, it will be too bulky to be again united to the soul, and to dwell in a spiritual world—that "flesh and blood can not inherit the kingdom of God"—that hence the entire body will not be raised. Let it be remembered that it is to be *changed* into a spiritual body as God wills it. Were Enoch's and Elijah's bodies too gross and bulky to be translated, and so transformed as they ascended as to be unfit for the heavenly world? Was the Savior's body too large for ascension and a triumphant entrance through the "everlasting doors" into the upper kingdom? Perish such a thought! Just as easily as God created a single body from dust or from nothing, did he change those bodies "in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye," and bear them up to the homes of the blest, and as easily will he raise and glorify the bodies of all the saints in the resurrection morning. Why, then, in expressions of our faith in regard to the resurrection of the dead, need the truth be pared down as if to make it less miraculous? Let it stand as the most wonderful of all miracles, if necessary, but be received and taught as presented to us by that great book from which we derive the idea.

Why apprehend difficulties because after death, in many instances, the particles of the same body do become displaced, eaten, burnt, and scattered a thousand miles apart? If it be the will of the omniscient Being to recall every scattered atom of human dust and unite it to its fellow-atom as it was when death dissolved the union, and from these form the resurrection bodies, then a million atoms belonging to a body will be watched as closely and kept as securely as would one, although they may be jostled along the current of time for ten thousand years, and as readily will the unnumbered millions of all the dead be quickened into life as would a single body—only let the trumpet sound! The moment we learn that the omnipotent One has decreed the event, we may acknowledge and rest assured the work will be done.

It is like the Most High to do a work like this. The more mysterious it may appear to a finite mind, the more it speaks of the Infinite. The higher it rises above the human understanding, *while based on truth*, the more does it tower among the loftier conceptions of Him whose "understanding is infinite," and whose eye sweeps the universe at a glance. It stands among the greater wonders revealed by inspiration, as certain to take place as any future event recorded by the pen of prophecy, as really a part of the work of redemption as the salvation of the soul.

Reposing implicit confidence in the unfailing truth, the Christian may well rejoice in a living Redeemer, who voluntarily went down into the chambers of the dead and by his own resurrection so far conquered the "king of terrors" as to give to every child of God the pledge that his body shall also rise and become as imperishable as the soul!

With that assurance he can meet the last foe, and with a defiant triumph exclaim, "Rejoice not against me O mine enemy, for though I fall, I shall rise again!" He can stand among the tombs and looking down into the grave say, "In that damp place I soon must lie; but only for a time; for I shall awake, and Christ will 'raise me up at the last day.'" His are the thoughts, the words, and the faith of a full assurance—of a *complete redemption*. What to him are seeming difficulties, and present mysteries, and multiplied objections, so long as he knows God is pledged to give his body a "new celestial birth" and an immortal life among the good! What though he never have a funeral or a grave? 'T is just as well for him. His slumbering dust may combine with the granite, melt in the fire, rise in the flames, float in the

air, freshen and fall in the showers, it may teem in vegetation, glow in the sunshine, or bloom in flowers, be drifted by the winds or washed by the waves, and still be just as ready to obey the peal of the judgment-trumpet as though it were entombed in adamant, for it is *sacred dust*; "and the Eye that never sleeps will watch its every atom, and the Power that bears up the world will bring it into life again, purified beyond corruption and decay, beautified by this finishing stroke of redemption, exalted among holy ones to an eminence of immortality through the merits of Him who is the "resurrection and the life."

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### TRUTH IS MIGHTY.

BY REV. F. S. CASSADY.

THERE is might because there is right in truth. Its greatest friends are investigation and time. It comes out of the crucial fires all the brighter in its luster and all the more transparent in its purity. Truth said centuries ago, "The world moves;" but error, incensed at the disclosure, persecuted the man who asserted the mathematical fact of the world's motion. Violence, the necessary attribute of all error, sealed the lips of Galileo. But did not the world move, reader, nevertheless? Truth is certainly progressive; for so astronomy, based on the immutable truth of mathematics, dares to assert without challenge to-day.

Truth, in the form of Christianity, said, over eighteen hundred years ago, "I am from God!" A Godless Church and a wicked generation demurred and said, No! The test of time was reluctantly proposed by the priests of error as the final arbitrament in the case. "If this work," counseled their leader, "be of men, it will come to naught; but if it be of God, ye can not overthrow it." What is Time's verdict in the matter? What has Truth done to vindicate her divine claims? Our answer is—Look at the monuments she has erected all through the ages—monuments all the nobler in their proportions and all the grander in their significance, because they stand up to the gaze of humanity as the silent, but progressive work of truth in its conquests over error and sin! The Christian religion is now an acknowledged power in the earth; and yet it is so only in virtue of its mighty spiritual forces. No carnal weapon ever won truth a solitary triumph. Where she has conquered she has done so by conquering the reason and the moral sense. She has only to carry her logic and her conclusion before the bar of unprejudiced, honest

reason to win her cause. Error can not stand before her sifting analysis on the one hand, or her sublime moral peerlessness on the other!

"Vice for a time may shine and virtue sigh,  
But truth, like heaven's sun, plainly doth reveal  
And scourge or crown what darkness did conceal."

Truth triumphs slowly but surely. It is never in a hurry, but always in deep earnest. Let us never lose heart because the world appears to improve so slowly. Let us never forget that truth is in the world, and that "truth is mighty." Great reforms come slowly—are never the work of a day. Bad as is the world to-day, yet it has been nearly six thousand years in coming to its present moral results. And in the reckoning of the skies—however much we could wish they were greater—these results are sublime and glorious. On this subject—what truth is doing for the world—God's thoughts are not our thoughts, let it never be forgotten! Truth is a mighty conserving element in the earth, and in a sense infinitely grander than Galileo ever dreamed of—"the world moves!" Doing our duty faithfully in our day and generation, we may, reader, with assured certainty, look for the individual results of truth in our own case; and as to the world around us we can afford, as does truth, to "labor and to wait."

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### A HAPPY WOMAN.

WHAT spectacle more pleasing does the world afford than a happy woman contented in her sphere, ready at all times to benefit her little world by her exertions, and transforming the briars and thorns of life into roses of Paradise by the magic of her touch? There are those who are thus happy because they can not help it—no misfortunes dampen their sweet smiles, and they diffuse a cheerful glow around them, as they pursue the even tenor of their way. They have the secret of the contentment, whose value is above the philosopher's stone; for without seeking the baser exchange of gold, which may buy some sorts of pleasure, they convert every thing they touch into joy. What their condition is makes no difference. They may be rich or poor, high or low, admired or forsaken by the fickle world; but the sparkling fountain of happiness bubbles up in their hearts and makes them radiantly beautiful. Though they live in a log-cabin, they make it shine with luster that kings and queens may covet, and they make wealth a fountain of blessings to the children of poverty.

## THE SOLDIER AND THE NURSE

BY HELEN BRUCE.

We stood where the iron horse goes by,  
Smoking and snorting along the track,  
Bearing our soldiers away to die,  
Or bring their banners with honor back.

The hurried tread of a thousand feet  
Coming, coming from all around,  
Across each field and adown each street  
We heard approaching the holy ground.

The ground made holy by fond good-byes,  
By parting blessings, by tears and prayers;  
By true hearts' costliest sacrifice,  
The yielding of all that by love was theirs.

Erect and tall as a stately pine,  
Stalwart and graceful, with royal brow,  
With glorious eyes and a tender smile,  
His bronzed cheek wearing a fevered glow.

With figure like that of a Greek athlete;  
With bearing like that of a prince of blood;  
With dark face bearded and true hand hard,  
A youthful brave in his grandeur stood.

His mien was softened; his quiv'ring lip,  
The liquid light of his splendid eyes,  
And tender words that were soft and low,  
To the plaints of love were his fond replies.

A sweet-faced woman was at his side,  
Girlish, and standing with clasped hands,  
Waiting in terror the dreaded sound  
Of the colonel's voice in the last commands.

O, what a face was the lifting up,  
Pale as a lily and stained with tears,  
Stamped with devotion and utmost love,  
Blanched by sorrow and anxious fears.

And he, as he gazed on those sweet blue eyes,  
Lifted forgetful of all save him—  
A spasm, as if it were dying pain,  
Swept over his heart and his eyes grew dim.

"Beloved," he said, then he paused and choked,  
And bending he touched with his lips her cheek,  
"My darling, my life, should I not return"—  
Poor heart! there are words that no tongue can speak.

There were choking sobs in her round, white throat;  
There was closer twining of wedded hands,  
Long, clinging kisses, the engine's scream,  
And then—the rending of heart-wrought bands.

Finished! the last good-byes were said,  
The smoke came trailing its long, white wreath  
Back from the track of the iron steed,  
Whirling so many away to death.

She stood on the spot where his parting kiss  
Had left her lips like a snow wreath white;  
Her eyes were straining the way the train  
Was bearing her heart with its whole delight.

... Alone at his post in the marshy field  
The picket is musing of home and love;

Hark! the relief—but his coming is late;  
The picket is summoned to duty above.

Tidings of woe for the sweet girl-bride!  
Tidings of woe for the mother and sire!  
One little month from the parting day,  
And thus must dear hope in tears expire.

A year has gone, and the widow stands  
Where groaning, and anguish, and death are rife,  
Giving her strength for her soldier's sake,  
Giving to mercy her pure young life.

Deep is the grave in the widow's heart;  
Deep is the woe in her tender eyes;  
But blessings from wounded and dying men  
Are a rich reward for her sacrifice.

## WATCHING FOR THE MORNING.

BY ANNIE E. HOWE.

WATCHING, waiting for the morning,  
For the blessed light to dawn,  
When the horrors and the darkness  
Of this fearful war is gone;  
When sweet Peace, on snowy pinions,  
Joyfully shall hover o'er,  
And the glorious song of freedom  
Echoes back from shore to shore.

Watching, waiting for the morning,  
When, with sound of life and drum,  
Husbands, fathers, sons, and brothers,  
Back to their loved homes shall come;  
Worn and weary, sick and wounded,  
Scarred and crippled though they be,  
Yet rejoicing they had aided  
In the cause of liberty.

Watching, waiting for the morning,  
Poor black slaves, with eager eyes  
For the blessed sun of freedom,  
Rising in these northern skies,  
When the chains that long have bound them,  
Powerless in the dust shall fall,  
And the free, glad light of heaven  
Beam and brighten over all.

Watching, waiting for the morning,  
When within its radiant light  
This foul stain of dark oppression  
Shall be veiled from human sight;  
When upon our proud escutcheon  
Every eye shall then behold,  
"Peace our watchword is, and freedom!"  
Graven there in lines of gold.

Watching, waiting for the morning—  
Blessed Master, bid it dawn—  
When the horrors and the darkness  
Of this struggle shall have gone;  
When sweet Peace, on snowy pinions,  
Joyfully shall hover o'er,  
And our bright "Star-Spangled Banner"  
Fling its folds from shore to shore.



## NEWPORT, OLD AND NEW.

BY MRS. L. A. HOLDICH.

"It is wonderful to observe how things change appearance as they are viewed in different lights by different eyes," says Bishop Berkeley. The name of Newport is with many but a synonym for fashion, folly, and extravagant display. It is associated with a drive on "the avenue," a hop at the Ocean House, and a public bath on Easton's Beach. We receive but what we give, while taste and affection color the landscape. To the admirer of nature, however, it is a spot to be remembered for its perpetual and ever-varying loveliness; and, when once beheld, a picture to wear on the heart forever. Unlike many other places in the New World, the aroma of other days mingles with the rich flavor of the passing hour. The brilliant present and the shadowy past here meet together. The ancient *régime* which gave law to Newport a hundred years ago has been succeeded by those who, having gained wealth by "speculations hardened into gold," now come to this beautiful island to enjoy it. The heavy, four-horsed chariots of that period are supplanted by fleeter horses and lighter vehicles. The stately men and women, with lace ruffles and powdered heads, who ate their dinners on costly plate, with black slaves in livery behind their chairs, now sleep in the quiet church-yard. The narrow streets, crowded with spacious dwellings, no doubt very elegant in their day, are forsaken for the wide and breezy avenues.

Bellevue Avenue, a street three miles long, bordered by villas of every style of architecture and degree of expense, was then probably an emerald plain. At that time merchants came from New York to buy goods at Newport; and one of them, writing from there, hoped that New York might one day rival Newport. The wish may be reversed without extravagance; for certainly its splendid bay, commodious harbor, and proximity to the ocean, give it every advantage for foreign and domestic trade. The inhabitants of Newport reverence the past. Its history is full of interest, and it has legends and memories beautiful and romantic. Records of Bishop Berkeley's visit to the island abound every-where. Here he wrote *The Minute Philosopher*; and his favorite seat under the Hanging Rock, with the waves curling at his feet, and the blue sea spread out before him, is still pointed out. His house, an unimposing one, which he called Whitehall, is yet standing. The "Sir Philip

Sydney of Theology," as some one names him, was singularly indifferent to show and style, though his home is said to have been the abode of taste, refinement, and enlightened piety. His children played upon a variety of musical instruments, and his wife is said to have painted beautifully, and "sang like a nightingale." Trinity Church, to which the Bishop gave an organ, and in which he sometimes preached, has been preserved in its primitive form. It has square pews, too high to accommodate any but tall people; a barrel pulpit, with winding stairs, and a crown upon the steeple and on the organ, the last symbol of kingly rule ever set up in our Republic. The King's arms, the lion and the unicorn, once ornamented it, but they were torn down and set up as a target to fire at by some young men a few days after the British troops left the town which they had so despoiled.

The vestry-room has an antiquated look which carries one back to the "old countrie." In it hangs a wigged portrait of the Rev. Marmaduke Brown, a former rector of the church, who died in 1771; and also one of a young lady of sixteen. The name of the donor, in gilt letters, is rather ostentatiously displayed on the organ. From what we heard of the theology of the church, it is scarcely in advance of its architecture.

Bishop Berkeley's visit to Newport was prolonged by vexatious delays to his favorite scheme of founding a college in Bermuda. For it he had resigned a living of £1,100 per annum, and in the prosecution of his purpose he sunk all his private fortune. He thought the lines had fallen to him in a pleasant place at Newport. In his letters he expressed the agreeable surprise he felt at the first view of the town and harbor, and his delight in the equable climate, "like that of Italy, and not at all colder than any where north of Rome." I wonder if he ever looked upon a scene such as I once beheld, and which as long as memory lasts I never can forget.

It was one of those "warm days without heat,"\* which come only to Newport and to St. Peter's, that we drove for seven miles over a wide, smooth road, which gave us alternate glimpses of bay, ocean, and internal beauty, till we reached a narrower one that led to "The Glen." Passing through a gate we drove a short distance through a shady piece of woods, which took us to a secluded spot with a rustic

\* When we dream of the climate of heaven, we make it warmth without heat, and coolness without cold, like that of St. Peter's.—*Hillard's Six Months in Italy.*

mill and a clear little stream running through it. This, I believe, is the only water-power on the island. Such forest trees as we found there are also a rarity in Newport. But they are not needed to enhance its loveliness. Rock, water, and sky are so exquisitely tinted, and the turf, in consequence of the humidity of the climate, is generally so brightly green that, like jewels on the person of a fair woman, they seem superfluous. It is another charge, by the way, against the English that they cut down all the trees for firewood during their unwelcome and destructive visit to Newport at the time of the Revolutionary war. After lingering for a while amid the sweet and peaceful scene, thinking, as one always does at such times, of Tennyson's brook, and saying over his lines, we took a circuitous road to see what I was told was an old fort on Indian Hill. I looked for nothing more, and lo! the glory of heaven and of earth was spread out before me. The sun sunk below the horizon the moment we reached the summit, while the clouds floating over the intensely-blue water were instantly lighted up with crimson and golden tints, which in turn gave additional beauty to the bay and ocean, that, lying in serene silence and peaceful grace, appeared only waiting for this last touch of divine alchemy to perfect their heavenly loveliness.

"Such brightness dying suns diffuse."

"He scattereth his bright cloud, and caused the light of his cloud to shine."

It was like leaving the Mount of Transfiguration and coming down to earth when we obeyed the bidding of our companion to look at the prospect at our feet. It was a varied and delightful one of intermingled farm-houses, inclosed with stone fences and shaded with fine trees, of smooth pasture lands with cattle quietly grazing, and of grain fields of a rich umber tint, to which at another time we should have done full justice. As it was, its quiet beauty was soothing and pleasant after our late prismatic treat, for it spoke of

"Content within,  
Embosom'd happiness, and placid love."

I did not wonder that those who had lived in Newport thought of it lovingly at the very portals of the grave, and desired to be buried there. Two brothers of the Jewish faith, Abraham and Judah Touro, were born in Newport in 1774 and 1775. The elder became a successful merchant in Boston, and, dying in 1822, left a large sum to keep the Jewish synagogue at Newport in perpetual repair. A

granite and iron fence which incloses the cemetery, with ample means to keep it and the cemetery in order forever, was the gift of the second brother, Judah, who settled in New Orleans. There they both lie amid the graves of their ancestors, while the spot is made cheerful and pleasant-looking by the bright flowers that adorn it.

Five miles west of Newport, on our return from Indian Hill, we saw the house in which General Prescott, an English officer, was captured as a substitute for General Lee by a few brave men with Captain Barton at their head. It was a gallant exploit, of which all the particulars are given in Arnold's History of Rhode Island. Besides the Jewish cemetery, the Touro brothers have another memorial in Newport. One of them left ten thousand dollars to the city for the purchase of the old stone mill, which is now inclosed in a space called Touro Park. The park is kept in beautiful order, and green ivy wreathes the pillars and arches of the mill. Whether it was built for "my lady's bower" by a gallant viking, according to Longfellow, or for a less sentimental use, we can not tell. It is admitted that the Northmen visited New England before the advent of Columbus, and Prof. Rafn asserts that the old mill bears unmistakable marks of being erected at a period not later than the twelfth century. Be this as it may, it is an antiquity which we Americans may be proud of. We are glad to have something of which we do not know the beginning, and most of us are determined that it shall remain a mystery, even though people do tell us that a Lincolnshire man built it, and that similar mills abound in the country from which the early settlers came. Here again the near and the far-off come into contact when elegantly-dressed children with French *Bonnes* and Irish nurses play carelessly round the old structure that has been such a puzzle to their elders. Touro Park is opposite the Atlantic House, which is now used by the Naval School. A remarkable feature around Newport is the wind-mills—huge, ungainly things, doing their work awkwardly, and reminding you of the Ten country in England. One does not wonder that the half-crazed Don Quixotte offered battle to the strange, unearthly-looking monsters.

The Redwood Library, with its Doric front, its yard and shrubbery, is pleasant to look upon, and an agreeable place of resort. Abraham Redwood, an inhabitant of Newport, though a native of the West Indies, was its founder. The parchment deed, suspended on the walls of the library, tells us that the

ground on which it stands was the gift of Henry Collins more than a century ago. The spirit of liberality and philanthropy in Newport was coeval with its mercantile prosperity. The people may well be proud of their progenitors. They boast that the first act of resistance to English tyranny was the destruction of one of his Majesty's armed sloops in these waters, in 1769. So deep, stern, and uncompromising was their patriotism, that when a rich refugee, who had been an inhabitant of the town before the war, asked permission to return and settle among them, offering to bring twenty sail of vessels with him and establish himself in business, his request was unanimously voted against. Newport, it appears, was a pioneer in the formation of public schools. As early as 1726 a town meeting ordered that all the public school-houses should be repaired and paid for out of the public treasury. Alas! in 1776 all these were turned into barracks; though, now revived, they stand on a permanent foundation. The Long Wharf, ever identified with the town, has also its own history. Once it was crowded with foreign goods, and vessels from all parts of the world were anchored in sight of it; but it has never been a place of much commerce since the Revolution. It has been lately leased to the Fall River Railroad Company. At the opening of a school by the Trustees of the Long Wharf during the past year Governor Cozzens gives us a quaint picture of a schoolmaster of the olden time who taught upon the wharf. He had been a sea-captain, and preferred the use of his voice to that of hand-bells. So, when school time came he mounted to the second story, and called first at the east and then at the west window, "Boys! boys! boys!" in stentorian tones. When the atmosphere was calm his voice would sound across the water with the power of a modern steam-whistle, and its echo through the cove would be caught up and prolonged by boys boating in the vicinity, who would unite in noisy concert to raise a third echo to the call. To the same authority we are indebted for the fact that at a time when hundreds and thousands of hogsheds of molasses were landed on the Long Wharf at Newport, one of them would be sent up to Providence in the little boat that plied between the two towns, to be retailed while the sloop lay at anchor. When it arrived the town crier rang a bell and announced the fact, which brought out quantities of people with vessels of every size and description to secure a portion for domestic use. In those days Newport boasted of the most elegant mansion in New

England, if not in America. It was built by Godfrey Malbone, the wealthiest merchant on the continent. The gardens were laid out in the English style, and said to be very fine. The house was burnt down, and the late J. Prescott Hall built upon its site. It stands near Tammany Hill, to the north of the city—a corruption of Miantonomi, the name of an Indian sachem who once ruled a portion of the island. The good taste of the Newport people has preserved some of the old Indian names. They have Canonicut, Sachuest, Narragansett, and perhaps others. Edward Malbone, the artist, was one of the family of the Malbones of which we have just spoken. His lovely picture of "The Hours" is the work through which he is best known. Five miles from Newport is the old Gibbs Place, redolent with the memory of the saintly Channing. We paid a stolen and hurried visit to it one day. It was something to step into the garden in which he had once delighted, and we longed to enter the house where he had lived, but, having no right to do so, reluctantly turned away. It was a home in entire harmony with his mind and character. The odor of flowers and of new-made hay greeted us, and an air of tender quiet pervaded it. How dearly Dr. Channing loved Newport! Among the fairest scenes of the Old World his heart would ever come back to it. He says: "Thank God that this beautiful island was the place of my birth!" Again: "I am still at this paradise, for such Rhode Island is to me. I have visited a beach, the favorite haunt of my childhood; there I saw the same unchanged beauty and grandeur which moved my youthful soul; but I could look back only to be conscious of beholding them now with a truer, purer joy." To Joanna Baillie he writes: "I am spending this, as I do all my Summers, about sixty or seventy miles from Boston, on my native island, called Rhode Island, a spot of which I suppose you have never heard, but which to me is the most interesting on earth. I believe it is universally allowed to be the most beautiful place on the whole range of sea-coast. It has one of the finest harbors in the world, and is situated on a broad bay, and embosoms many islands, of which this is the queen. Its surface reminds me more of the graceful, gentle slopes of your country than any scene I have visited in America; and its climate is more humid, though affording us often those bright skies, of which you see so few in England. No spot in our country which I know has so equal a temperature. Those advantages, together with fine beaches for bathing, make it quite a resort for

invalids and the fashionable. My residence is in the very center of this beautiful island, and when I tell you that a son of your Gilpin, the celebrated writer on the picturesque, gave us some hints toward laying out our garden, and that it has been cultivated by Scotch and Irish gardeners, you will easily conceive that, though we are so remote from you, our outward world does not greatly differ. In natural beauty my island does not seem to me inferior to the Isle of Wight. In cultivation it will bear no comparison."

Before the Revolution the society of Newport was formed of various and distinct elements. Besides professional men, many wealthy men of leisure, and active merchants, who lived sumptuously and entertained magnificently, there were the followers of the Puritans, who eschewed the vain diversions of the times and formed a circle of their own. There, too, were many Quaker families of wealth and respectability who had found an asylum in Rhode Island from the intolerant spirit of Massachusetts. The memory of the wise and good Roger Williams and his friend, the venerable John Clark, both banished from Massachusetts for their liberal ecclesiastical views, may well be cherished with admiring love by the States which they founded. Their Christian spirit softened the prejudices of those around them, and caused them to look with charitable eyes on those who differed from them in opinion. But where principle was concerned they were unflinching. Those who had imbibed their faith could not feel at ease in the society of the profane and ungodly. And there were many such. It was a skeptical age, and from the West Indian trade, as well as from the fashion of the times, intemperance prevailed to an alarming degree. So a wide gulf lay between the Puritanical and the worldly element; it could not be bridged over. The two classes of society remained distinct and apart, each doing its own work in its own way.

The original character of Rhode Island gives the views of the noble men whose names are appended to it. They "swear in the presence of the Great Jehovah, as he shall help them to submit person, life, and estate unto the Lord Jesus Christ, the King of Kings, and Lord of Lords, and to those most perfect laws of his given in his most holy Word of truth to be guided and helped thereby." The original name of Rhode Island was Aquidneck, which means the Isle of Peace; but the early settlers are said to have changed it to its present name from its resemblance to the Isle of

Rhodes, "which lies in no bluer water in the far-famed Mediterranean Sea."

In my hasty sketch of Newport I have not mentioned the many natural objects which give it interest and individuality that lie everywhere around it. Easton's Beach, said to be one of the finest in the world, is the daily resort of hundreds of bathers during the fashionable season, and gives one a noble view of the broad Atlantic. That beach is the scene of a singular story too well authenticated for us to doubt. In 1750 a vessel with her sails set and colors flying was seen approaching the breakers, and those who watched her wonderingly were certain of her destruction. But, as if guided by an unseen power, she glided safely through rock and breaker, and her keel struck the sand without the slightest injury to any part of her. The beach was covered with people, and when they went on board they found no living thing save a cat and dog, who seemed to be tranquilly waiting for the breakfast that was just ready to be served. The vessel was one belonging to Newport, which had been hourly looked for from Honduras. The mystery of her desertion was never explained. Sachuest Beach, which lies eastward of Easton's, is the more picturesque, and gives us a view of two memorable spots, Paradise and Purgatory, as well as of the Hanging Rock. Paradise consists of a long row of sycamore-trees at the foot of a rocky hill, and is probably called so in contrast to Purgatory, which is a deep and fearful-looking chasm in the rocks. The Hanging Rock is a huge mass of stone that overleans its base. There it is remembered that Bishop Berkley loved to sit, and read, and meditate. Still wilder and grander is Conrad's Cave, which, if the sea had not washed away all traces of it, might be indeed a safe refuge for the pirate or the smuggler. There at the foot of the cliffs that form the coast lie immense rocks covered with marine grass, which the action of the sea has broken off and plunged in wild confusion into the water beneath. Wandering in another direction we find the Spouting Rock with its booming thunder and strange, unearthly echo. There the sublime and beautiful meet together. The great strong waves dash over mighty boulders in profuse cataracts, and then, after throwing up their pearly spray, playfully retreat, leaving the rocks richly covered with tawny sea-weed, very beautiful to behold. Here we found mosses, pink, purple, and green, of every lovely shade of color, thrown high upon the rocks, and crisp and dried in the noonday sun. "We thank Thee for this goodly world,"



last Sunday said Dr. Thayer at Newport in his morning prayer. Newport is, indeed, a place to give thanks for. How often has it been like the breath of a new life to the weary and languid frame that has been withering in the hot and stifling city! How many with harassed minds and quivering nerves have looked forward to a week's sojourn here beside the ocean with hope and consolation! What a refreshment to the body it has proved, and what a tonic to the mind! Yes, again let us say, Thank God for Newport, for its sweet tones and harmonies, for its gentleness and grandeur, for its crystal waters and its bright and joyous atmosphere! May we not heave a sigh of pity for our poor Southern sisters, exiled, like Eve, through their own fault from a paradise which they loved so well? Their houses are left unto them desolate, and their habitation has another taken. One can scarcely glance at half the notable places in Newport in so brief a sketch as this, but there is one walk too preeminently lovely to be overlooked. By law it is forbidden to shut out the sea, so that the owners of some of the fine places on Bellevue Avenue are compelled to leave a path for foot-passengers on the margin of their grounds. So we walk with the ocean on one side and charming villas with lawns, and vines, and trees, and gorgeous flowers on the other. The Summer home of Bancroft, the historian, is one of these. We frequently met him, a man with gray beard and whiskers and flashing eyes, riding on the Avenue. There, too, a Summer or two since we used to meet Jerome Bonaparte, with his little son, driving in a light, low carriage. So plain was his appearance that we at first mistook him for a Quaker.

Of the many homes that contribute to the beauty of Newport there is one that has for us a special charm. Facing the bay which is so beautiful in form and color, and made so memorable by scenes of historic record, it is separated from the ocean by the long green promontory on which Fort Adams stands in rugged strength. Beyond it white sails are glancing as they go in and out on their seaward way, while an undulating line formed by Canonicut Island is seen in the blue distance. Between the tongue of land and the house is a lucid cove, while on the shore above lie Titanic boulders mottled with moss, lichen, and tawny grass. The Norman cottage of red and yellow, the rolling lawn, and the close-set shrubbery that bounds it, are part of this outlook to the west, and harmonize admirably with it. To the east, rising up from the water's edge, and sitting queen-like upon the bay, is the town of

Newport, just near enough to give the idea of companionship, and hear the music of its bells, but far enough to have its inequalities softened and mellowed to the eye. The fine view of the bay is diversified by numerous islands and the sails of many vessels. Goat Island, with its own little bay, has the Santee and the Constitution, now used as a naval school, anchored beside it. Of the latter ship it is said but one block of wood remains of the original structure. But her past noble history will ever make her an interesting object. On Goat Island stands Fort Wolcott, which has been named after king, queen, and patriot successively. From the breakwater beyond the island the lighthouse with its unsleeping eye gleams all night in the darkness. To the north is Coaster's Island with its fine asylum, and midway lies Rose Island with only its outline distinguishable in the distance. To the west we behold the island of Canonicut, next in size to Rhode Island, with the remains of its old fort like a Donjon Keep of feudal times looking stern and lonely from beetling crags. Every window in the house frames some scene of rare gladness and beauty. To the south we see country seats, green fields, hills and valleys, with those enormous rocks, time-covered and weather-stained, which contribute to make all the inland groupings of Newport so strikingly picturesque. In that direction beyond all else we again see the dark blue ocean. The immediate view gives us lawns and flowers glowing with sunshine. Masses of rich bloom fill high Italian vases carved all over with appropriate rural symbols. The sunbeams peer from between the clouds on a tiny lake with its green and white boat moored to the turfy bank. Then turning to the other window we see tufts of green foliage dropping down into a dingle, which, shutting out the intervening fence, forms a beautiful natural boundary to the place. Sweet bits of landscape, fresh and joyful, are all around. But the ever-lovely bay is the most absorbing object. There our eyes oftenest rest. Fierce conflicts have taken place, and deeds of heroism been performed upon it. Here the sloop Liberty was burnt by resolute men, tired of King George's tyranny, and here the French and English fleets had a naval engagement. Newport is a study that well rewards the diligent student. Those who have been contented to visit its hotels and hastily glance at what may be seen of it in fashionable drives, are like one who holds in his hand a precious volume with its leaves more than half uncut. Its charming shores, so varied by cove, headland, and cliff, its rocky ledges and giant boulders,

its blue sea and green pastures, may speak to the eye, but its history appeals to the heart, and will remain

"The property of those alone  
Who have beheld it, noted it with care,  
And in their minds recorded it with love."

#### AUNT HELEN'S TOUR.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

##### NUMBER IV.

PONTOTOC, FEB. 20.

MA BELLE ADA,—The penny post-boy has just brought in your letter, and, though I have nothing of special personal interest to communicate, I will improve the unaccustomed leisure of this stormy evening by writing to you. It has been a dull day, and I have been wandering over the house, losing myself in the different halls and stairways, yawning, and admiring the lofty rooms and their elegant furnishing, but without getting fairly waked up till I found my way to the cupola on the top of the building and looked out upon the wide and varied prospect. The busy city lay at my feet, but beyond, far down the sparkling bay, there were white-winged ships speeding on different missions to different ports, and on either shore were the glittering spires and compact houses that mark the miniature American cities.

It was a lovely sight, and it reminded me of my excursion yesterday. I wish I might have taken you with me, for no description can do justice to the wonderful things I saw during my travels. I can give only a few hints in regard to the principal places.

There can scarcely be any thing more delightful for a person whose journeyings over the face of the earth are limited by both physical and pecuniary weakness than the privilege of spending a day with a fine stereoscope which is well supplied with views. Such a day I enjoyed yesterday, and I made the tour of Europe in about four hours, besides visiting many objects of interest in our own country. First of all I visited Holland, and busied myself for half an hour with peering inquisitively into the quaint, tidy houses which border the straight and well-disciplined dikes. Having long ago, like most readers, made the acquaintance of the immortal Diedrich Knickerbocker, I could not now help recalling his humorous account of the ancient Dutch burghers. They did not believe in progress or novelty, and

their descendants are not given to either activity or credulity. The sketch needed no label to localize it. I knew where I was directly. The style of architecture, the primitive, odd methods for the continual reconstruction of the country's foundations, that Holland may not carelessly melt away from its position on the face of the earth, were all as fresh and clear in the picture as in the great author's delineation.

From Holland I went to Paris, the modern Vanity Fair, and from thence to Constantinople. I do not care particularly for pictures of houses crowded together, and the Turkish capital would have passed unremarked but for its association with the Bosphorus, which has a classic interest as being the time-honored receptacle of strangled and bagged sultanas. Our own glorious Niagara came next in all the refreshing beauty of contrast, and perfectly represented in every thing but its roar.

With the next turn of the wheel came a view of Rome, of St. Peter's Cathedral, and also of the statuary in the Vatican. Some of the figures were most beautiful, and no description has done them justice; but I shuddered with a strange dread when I saw the Laocoon with its impossible agony. I am glad that the broad ocean rolls between me and that impersonation of torture. That the artist lived long enough to execute his diabolical conception is a proof to me that he was not human.

The next two sketches were rivals, the first a scene among the rugged Swiss Alps, the other a picture of the White Mountains at sunrise.

All these views, in design, coloring, and tone, reproduce as correctly as possible their originals. I lingered long upon the banks of the storied Rhine, recalling to mind the old German romances and the wild legends of the Black Forest, and silently arousing my old enthusiasm for Luther and his compeers. It was almost a natural transition to Geneva, and from thence to sea-born Venice. I got no glimpse of modern life there. The stately palaces which overhung the canals that serve for streets were so distinctly represented that the very net-work pattern of the guards about the window balconies could be plainly traced. Light gondolas waited on the waters below, just as they did when the Doges of Venice were in the questionable habit of "chucking" unwary people through that dark, historic bridge into eternity.

But you will tire of my description, though you would never weary of the views themselves; so I will leave the instrument and take you to a Church fair and give you something

more tangible than my fanciful tour. It was called a tea-party last evening, but to-day it has been christened "a success." What the success consisted in I did not learn.

There was a great crowd of people pushing and elbowing each other, and there were little boys and girls to step on our dresses and tumble under our feet. It was like being passed through a set of rolls to reach the tables, which were laid in a small room behind the large vestry. There was a piano in brisk operation somewhere. I heard considerable said about some articles for sale, but I was not strong enough to make my way to them. The piano had the element of final perseverance well developed, though not more strongly than the persons who were eating in the refreshment-room. A stranger would have supposed that they had been engaged to do all of that part of the work, and had gone through a preparatory course of fasting. The jaw movement was very regular, the upward, downward, and sidelong motion were each perfectly rendered.

Verily, I thought, "man is fearfully and wonderfully made." How those free-ticketed public men did eat! And what blessed opportunities for staying their unfortunate stomachs, in spite of the high prices, do these public suppers afford!

You will think this but a meager description of a fair in the city, but it is all I saw. Your query in regard to the pulpit-talent of this region should be answered by a better critic than myself. I heard two sermons last Sunday, which were unlike most others in this respect, that there was no sentence in them without a clearly-expressed thought of its own. And each thought was so striking and original that the hearer could scarcely resist the impulse to stop and consider it well; but the speaker gave us no leisure for that. Most preachers, after throwing out a new idea, begin to turn it over and speculate about it till it loses all its freshness. But we had sentiments full of exquisite beauty immediately succeeded by strong and sometimes rough statements of truth, and every body's attention was on the stretch to appropriate the whole. It was not like listening to one speaker—there seemed to be a great many of them. An extravagant use of adjectives was noticeable, but whether this use in his hands was a defect or a grace I could not determine. I only know that when the idea expressed was divested of its descriptive overplus it was quite as big a thought as I cared to digest.

By the way, what a variety in manner and tone we find in the pulpit! There is very lit-

tle naturalness. If pulpit mannerisms were of any earthly use I would touch with reverence the hem of the preacher's garb of affectation. I know a preacher whose voice in conversation is full of pleasant, musical intonations. God gave him thus a power to charm, and adapted this power to the various expression of Christian experience, or to sound a note of alarm in the sinner's ears. He goes into the pulpit and begins a regular sing-song. The monotone would be ludicrous were it not for its sublime associations. The speaker would never think of assuming it if making a political or lyceum speech; he would be hissed if he did.

Another preacher commences with his voice keyed on B flat, and draws a long straight line till he is out of breath, and then makes a sudden swoop like a fish-hawk. And he keeps doing it. His oratory is like the parallel lines of the musical staff with a jumping-off place at the end of each. I heard a sermon a fortnight ago which from beginning to end was like the waves of the sea when they are not driven by the winds and tossed. It had a smooth, regular, undulating motion, first up a little, then a short, downward slide, the curves all smoothly turned, and the whole sermon executed on three notes—g, a, b. These letters are meant to go separately. They are simple musical signs, and do not mean a pun at all.

But I am no critic, and all these mannerisms which annoy me may have their value for others. Many hearers think more of the "holy tone" than of the sermon. I remember how a good woman was delighted with the prayer of a Millerite exhorter, now extinct, just because it exhibited such vocal power. One expression of that prayer has lingered in my memory for twenty years. He called himself a worm, and begged to be used as a whip to give some mountain a thrashing.

I am coming home. The Spring is almost here, and the steadily-lengthening days and mild breezes whisper of budding trees and flowers. The seasons hurry by one after the other, and the brief years which make up our earthly existence will soon all be registered. I am coming home to work. Life is too earnest for idleness, too serious for the pursuit of pleasure. I am coming home to the quiet grave on the green hill-side to study its sweet lessons, to fit myself, with God's help, for the higher, purer life which eternity will open to me. Adieu.

AUNT HELEN.

HALF the failures in life arise from pulling in one's horse as he is leaping.—*Guesses at Truth.*

THE EXILE OF THE EVANGELICAL SALZBURGERS.  
TRANSLATED FROM HAGENBACH'S HISTORY OF THE  
CHURCH IN THE EIGHTEENTH AND  
NINETEENTH CENTURIES.

BY REV. B. H. NADAL, D. D.

NUMBER II.

FREDERICK WILLIAM I, king of Prussia, the father of Frederick II, showed himself worthy of his great ancestor, who, in a time of similar affliction, had opened his country to the oppressed Huguenots. He received these men now turning away from Kassl kindly and yet cautiously, and this caution was all the more needful because their enemies had not neglected to circulate all sorts of reports to their injury, charging them with Socinian and other heresies. Some even pretended to quote from them—"It is enough that we confess God, the Father, and the Holy Ghost; the second Person is not essential;" indeed, "Christ died in despair on the cross, and therefore perished forever." Frederick William had both the Salzburger carefully examined by his theologians, the Provosts Roloff and Reinbeck, and only when they were found orthodox, and in agreement with the Augsburg confession did the king promise them assistance and a place of refuge, provided they should be driven out of their own country.

They did not wait long; expatriation, before forbidden, now became obligatory under the so-called patent of emigration, published October 30, 1731. According to this order all persons in the country not permanently-settled residents, all farmers without political rights, all day-laborers and house-servants who adhered either to the Augsburg confession or to the doctrine of the Reformed Church, were required under the heaviest penalties to leave the country within eight days. In like manner all the workmen in the mines, in the furnaces, in the salt-works were to be at once dismissed without further pay. Such as were owners of houses or land were allowed from one to three months, at the end of which they were to be outlawed and declared stripped of all right, both of property and citizenship. Only those who within fifteen days should repent of their errors and abjure them, and should formally return to the Romish Church, were offered mercy.

The *patent* produced a general commotion. The Evangelical *corpus* at Regensburg protested against it as a violation of the Peace of Westphalia. But the Archbishop replied that these people were rebels, and that as such he

had the right to expel them. He would yield no further than to permit really-permanent inhabitants to remain through the hardest part of the Winter, and fixed St. George's day of the year 1732 as the limit of their stay. Meanwhile, to give effect to the edict in relation to such as did not belong to this class, there appeared at the end of the first-fixed term, on the 24th of September, two squadrons of dragoons, who, under the pretext of giving the poor creatures passes, drove them together with the rudest violence, and brought them to the archiepiscopal residence, where they were kept for a long time confined in prison before they were permitted to leave the country.

From December, 1731, till November, 1732, the exiles might be seen in numerous companies and at various intervals starting on their long journey. How much their removal did toward desolating the country the authorities do not agree, but the loss is set down as high as thirty thousand souls. We are unwilling to linger among the scenes of distress which their departure in the severe Winter occasioned, nor would we repeat the acts of outrage and barbarity by which those scenes were made still more distressing. We would rather accompany them on their distant way as they leave the land of oppression behind them, and see them under the Almighty's free sky as they move along over the roads which his good angels have thrown up for them, where the breath of liberty already begins to breathe around them, and where the prospect opens up to them of reaching, if not a paradise, without care or trouble, at least a new earthly father-land. Such a land stood open to them on several sides. The two messengers had already received orally from the king of Prussia the assurance that he would remember them in the day of their troubles and banishment. This assurance was repeated in writing on the 2d of February, 1732; "from royal Christian pity and heartfelt sympathy he would reach them a loving hand and receive them in his country." Every thoroughfare of his kingdom should be open to them, and all princes and States whose counties they might touch in passing should be entreated to aid them in their journey; it was a duty which one Christian owed to another. Every man should have for his daily expenses four groschen, and every woman and maiden three groschen, and every child two, to be paid out of the king's exchequer. They were to enjoy, if they settled, all the privileges and rights which belonged to other colonists, among which were especially understood non-liability to taxation and other favors. At the same



time Frederick William sent a commissioner, John Göbel, to Regensburg to receive the emigrants and to conduct them into Prussia. Besides this the king made earnest representations to the Archbishop, and threatened reprisals against the Catholics residing in his own States. Denmark, Sweden, and the Republic of Holland did the same. In all these countries, as also in other portions of Germany, the way was open for the exiles. And we can trace the paths of their several parties as they journeyed, from Kaufbeuren, the first Protestant city to which they came, to the North and East Sea, indeed, even beyond the sea to England and to North America. I shall satisfy myself with giving only a few things from the travel-reports and the bulletins of those who received and entertained them.

As might be expected they did not meet with the same greeting in every place. Although the Archbishop himself had besought the Roman Catholic cities and countries through which they might pass not to hinder their progress, they still met here and there with opposition. The Catholic portion of the city of Augsburg especially distinguished itself for its hardness; when the exiles drew near to their gates they ordered them shut immediately, as if they had been a hostile army, though they only numbered a little over two thousand. The populace also of Donauwörth insulted them. In the beginning even certain Protestants regarded the movement distrustfully, for every-where reports had been disseminated to the effect that the Salzburgers were a headstrong, hair-brained people, who, regarding no authority, were resolved, as in matters of faith so in other things, to follow their own caprice. Hence, even the Lutheran superintendent, Cyprian, of Gotha, doubted whether or not they ought to be received and permitted to enjoy public benefits.\* But this fog of prejudice soon scattered, and the cheerful, warm sun of sympathy, with the returning beams of Spring, again shone in hopeful brightness on their path. Men came to honor in them the martyrs of the truth, the instruments of God, who were called again to awaken a dead Christianity; they were regarded as leaven, which should again move and inspire the sluggish mass of evangelical Protestantism,† and the more favorable were reports respecting the patience with which they bore their fate, respecting the beautiful, quiet order of their

marches, concerning their exemplary deportment in the cities and in their quarters, concerning the evangelical spirit which they everywhere displayed, the higher rose the common enthusiasm for them, and the stronger became the desire to provide for them and to do them good. Their march, therefore, through Germany assumed more and more the form of a triumphal procession. When they approached a city the clergy, and the youth of the schools, and representatives of the citizens went out to meet them, and in procession escorted them into the city amid the ringing of bells and with singing. Divine service was celebrated, speeches and sermons were delivered in honor of them; they were celebrated in poems, medals were struck in their memory, and feasts, simple but hearty, were prepared for them. Men strove for the honor of having them in their houses and entertaining them; each person wanted one or more of the Salzburgers under his own roof, and wished to hear him at his own fireside recount the wonderful leadings of God and the adventures which he and his companions had outlived, and then to what a height did wonder rise when the host and his family in these conversations perceived how deeply these unlearned people were versed in the Bible, how skillful they were in the explanation of doctrine, in reproof, in advising. Even the Jews vied with Christians in entertaining with patriarchal heartiness the strangers within the gates, and chimed in with the cry with which they were greeted, "Come in, thou blessed of the Lord; wherefore dost thou stand without?" Indeed, through them pious Israelites were said to have come to serious reflection.\* Even the charm of the miraculous was not wholly wanting, and that which, taken in its length and breadth, was indeed a wonderful work of God in the eyes of men, fixed itself firmly in the imagination of the people, in narratives and stories, in which it was easy to see the effort to compare the exode of the Salzburgers with that of the Israelites as well in regard to their miraculous preservation during their journeys as in regard to the vengeance which was said to have overtaken their wicked enemies.†

\* Compare *Spiritual Fama*, Section 7.

† Concerning their wonderful preservation by means of manna falling from heaven, etc., see the report of the *Spiritual Fama* in the succeeding lecture. Here are two anecdotes from the same source—pages 51, 52—"When the exiles were in the greatest danger from an attack of the soldiers, and night coming on meantime, it became so dark that they could not see their way; all at once it seemed as if a star had fallen from heaven among them, whose light made it as bright

\* Schulze, page 146.

† Compare the *Spiritual Fama*—Sarden, 1732—Section 7, pages 42, 46, 49.

Let us now allow these prodigies to take care of themselves, and let us present the human elements in which this part of history is so rich; and there is that remarkable story, "the wonderful dealings of God with a Salzburg maiden, who, for religion's sake, left father and mother, and who was so strangely married on her journey." The narrative runs word for word thus: \* This maiden went with her fellow-countrymen without knowing how it would go with her, or whither God would lead her. As she journeyed through Cettingen the son of a rich citizen of Altmühl approached her and asked her how she liked this country. Her answer was, "Very well, sir." He further asked how she would like to enter the service of his father. She answered, "Quite well, she would be faithful and industrious if allowed to enter his service." Thereupon she recounted to him what farm-work she understood. She could feed the cattle, milk the cows, work in the field, make hay, and more of the same sort. Now, this young man's father had often advised him to marry, but he had never been able to bring himself to a conclusion about the matter. But when the emigrants passed through and he saw this maiden she suited him. He went at once to his father and reminded him how often he had advised him to marry, and informed him that he had now selected himself a bride. He begged that his father would allow him to take

around them as if the unclouded sun had shone out, so that they saw their way easily, and were able to save themselves. Among the soldiers, however, it remained pitch dark; they could not follow the objects of their persecution any further, and they said, 'Either God or the devil is with those people, and we will have nothing more to do with them.' One of the emigrants who had hidden himself in a bush till the soldiers went back again, reported that this light or star returned to every spot where the exiles had been wounded, and seemed as if it were licking up the blood, continually going around, and finally going up again toward heaven. Meantime the exiles had retired to the village and were safe." The other example is thus related by the Swabian newspapers: "A brewer had two workmen, a Catholic and a Protestant. These two quarreled on one occasion as they were boiling crabs about the Salzburgers. The first said if he had the Salzburger heretics in his power he would boil them in the brew-kettle as red as crabs. Upon this he got up behind the kettle to remove the cover that the steam might escape; he fell into the kettle and was drawn out, but was red as a crab, and died.

\* T. F. Von Yrem has communicated four different, but in the main agreeing, reports respecting Goethe's Hermann and Dorothea—Berlin, 1836. We give the fourth of these, page 46, according to Göcking's more complete Emigration History, etc., Leipzig, 1734, Part I, page 674. Compare Pause, page 175.

her. His father asked him who she was. He replied it was a Salzburg maiden who pleased him well, and if he could not be allowed to have her, he was resolved never to marry at all. When his father and his friends, together with the preacher, who had been called in, had labored in vain to get the notion out of his head, his wish was at last yielded to, and he brought the maiden and presented her to his father. The girl knew naught of any thing except the talk of engaging her as a servant, and hence she went with the young man to his father's house. The father, however, supposed that the young man had already opened his heart to the maiden. He therefore asked her how his son suited her, and whether she was willing to marry him. She knew nothing of this, and supposed they were ridiculing her. She began, thereupon, to say that she would not be mocked; she had been sought as a servant, and with that understanding she had followed his son to his house. If they wished her in that capacity she would show herself faithful and industrious and earn her bread, but she would not allow herself to be derided. The father, however, stuck to it that he meant what he said, and the son told her his true reason for bringing her to his father's house; namely, that he had an earnest wish to marry her. The maiden looked at him, stood still for a little while, and finally said if he was in earnest and wished really to have her she was content, and would regard him as the eye in her head. The son then handed her a marriage pledge. She, however, reached into her bosom and drew out a purse containing two hundred ducats, saying she would also present him with a trifle. The betrothment was thus complete. Is there not reason in such circumstances of wonder to cry out, "Lord, how mysterious are thy judgments, and how unsearchable thy ways!" This account furnished confessedly to Goethe the material for his Hermann and Dorothea, the scene of which he has laid in the time of the French Revolution.

As the conclusion of the lecture of to-day I give the exile songs of Schoitberger and Schweiger:

#### SCHOITBERGER'S EXILE HYMN.

An exile from my native land  
I mournfully record me,  
For love of God's most holy Word  
'Tis thus that men reward me;  
But have it as thou wilt, my Lord,  
'Twas thus that thou wast treated;  
Thy follower I shall surely be,  
When with thy measure meted;  
A pilgrim now forever more,  
Strange paths henceforth I ponder;

I pray thee ever go before  
 And lead me lest I wander.  
 My faith I boldly did profess,  
 Nor e'er for shame did falter,  
 Though branded as a heretic,  
 Or threatened with the halter;  
 I patiently received my chains,  
 My prison was a palace,  
 Rewards of faith and not of sin,  
 Applied by hands of malice.  
 In sorrow soon must I depart,  
 The hours e'en now do chide me,  
 Yet will I hope as forth I start  
 God will with friends provide me.  
 My gracious Lord, do as thou wilt,  
 No bait my soul shall bribe;  
 To each decision of thy will  
 I joyfully subscribe.  
 If I go forth in thy great name,  
 In want and in depression,  
 A heavenly crown full well I know  
 Awaits my sure possession.  
 To-day, my God, with streaming eyes,  
 I leave my early home,  
 • Compelled e'en children to desert,  
 In unknown paths to roam.  
 Lead me, my God, into a place  
 Where thine own Word is free,  
 And evermore my heart shall raise  
 Thanksgivings unto thee;  
 If yet awhile I linger here  
 In poverty and grief,  
 A nobler home awaits my soul  
 When death shall bring relief.

## EXILE SONG BY RUPERT SCHWEIGER.

Forth in the name of God I go  
 To tread the path of pain and woe;  
 God goes with me my strength to be,  
 Although the darkness compass me.  
 For God's own Word I was in grief,  
 Which still in secret gave relief;  
 My light in care and deep distress,  
 In gloom and dread my sure redress.  
 My God, with joy I own thy name,  
 Through hate and scorn, through every shame,  
 For thy disciples still must show  
 Contempt of shame, contempt of woe.  
 My pilgrim-staff I take in hand,  
 With Jacob seek another land;  
 If I am poor and outcast here,  
 I've nobler riches in thy fear.  
 An exile from my native home,  
 Pursued and chased, I needs must roam;  
 Disciples may not be above  
 The Master whom they serve and love.  
 My pilgrim-staff e'en from the womb,  
 Through all my life down to the tomb,  
 Thou lead'st me through death's valley lone  
 To beauteous mansions round thy throne.  
 Thou bearest us in thine own hand  
 Upward toward our father-land;

Who hath thee, Lord, no want can know—  
 My soul now rests on naught below.

Let earthly good now take its flight  
 If heaven, my home, appear in sight;  
 Who Jesus hath is rich indeed,  
 Although the exile's path he tread.

Nor farm, nor gold, nor vain display  
 Goes with us from this world away;  
 Such trifles have no power to bind;  
 The pilgrim leaves them all behind.

Farewell, farewell, land of my birth,  
 My back I turn on all thy worth;  
 May God both thee and me defend,  
 Protect my wanderings to the end!

## MY MORNING VISITOR.

BY REV. JAMES STEPHENSON.

WHEN light in the orient breaking  
 The tears of the night drives away  
 From the cheeks of the woodbine and rose,  
 And lilies their eyelids uncloze  
 To behold the new day;  
 When men should be waking  
 And bending the knee,  
 I hear at my lattice, "Pewee, pewee!"

The singer is dressed like a Quaker,  
 His music is *Quakerish* too;  
 But I will not complain of his coat,  
 He looks well in drab, and his throat  
 Does the best it can do;  
 He is loved by his Maker,  
 And shall be by me,  
 Though he only can say, "Pewee, pewee!"

The oriole, proud of adorning,  
 Makes plumage the theme of his song,  
 And he works at adjusting his dyes  
 To please his fastidious eyes  
 Nearly all the day long;  
 But ah, in the morning,  
 While he sleeps in the tree,  
 I hear at my lattice, "Pewee, pewee!"

The mocking-bird tries to be merry  
 About my monotonous pet;  
 Well, I grant he has only one tone,  
 But he surely has never been known  
 To plagiarize yet;  
 Than steal songs to vary  
 My music, let me  
 Far rather sing ever, "Pewee, pewee!"

For the lesson that he has been teaching  
 I welcome my little drab friend;  
 He has barely one talent, but then  
 He is happy as though he had ten:  
 And this seems the end  
 Of his singular preaching,  
 So early to me;  
 I praise God with all he has given—"Pewee!"

## MARVELS OF MEMORY.

BY REV. R. DONKERSLEY.

"What is memory? 't is the light  
Which hallows life, a ray profound  
Upon the brow of mental night;  
An echo, time the passing sound;  
A mirror, its bright surface shows  
Hope, fear, grief, delight, regret;  
A generous spring, a beam which glows  
Long after sun and stars have set;  
A leaf, nor storm nor blight can fade;  
An ark in time's bereaving sea;  
A perfume from a flower decayed,  
A treasure from eternity."

IT has been remarked by one of the most distinguished philosophers of our day that no atmospheric vibration ever becomes extinct; that the pulses of speech when they have done their work and become to our ear inaudible, pass in waves away, but wander still, reflected hither and thither through the regions of air eternally.

Nothing in man's most wonderful nature can be more wonderful or mysterious than his gift of memory. Cicero, after long thinking about it, was driven to the conclusion that it was one of the most striking proofs of the immateriality of the soul and of the existence of a God.

Some examples of the feats of memory would be rejected as altogether fabulous had they not been given us on authority of the highest respectability. It is related of Themistocles that he could call by their names every citizen of Athens, though they amounted to twenty thousand. Cyrus knew the name of every soldier in his army. Mithridates, king of Pontus, knew each one of his eighty thousand soldiers by his right name. Hugo Grotius, on being present at a review of some regiments in France, recalled all the names of the single soldiers in the order of the roll-call. Scipio knew all the inhabitants of Rome. Seneca could repeat in order two thousand words heard only once. Cook, the tragedian, is said to have committed to memory the entire contents of a large daily newspaper. Lord Granville could repeat from beginning to end the New Testament in the original Greek. George III is said never to have forgotten the face he had once seen, or the name he had once heard. Racine knew by memory all the tragedies of Euripides. Justus Lipsius ventured to rehearse the works of Tacitus from the first word to the last, and then from the last word to the first, even when a man was standing before him

with a drawn dagger to pierce him the very moment he should fail to give a single word. Bottegella knew by heart whole books, verbatim. Miranda used to commit the contents of a book to memory after reading it thrice, and could then not only repeat the words forward but backward. Thomas Cranwell in three months committed to memory, when in Italy, an entire translation of the Bible as made by Erasmus. Leibnitz knew all the old Greek and Latin poets by heart, and could recite the whole of Virgil, word for word, when an old man. Bossuet knew the Bible by heart, and could also repeat, verbatim, all Homer, Virgil, and Horace, and many other works. The Abbé Poule carried all his sermons—the compositions of forty years—in his head. Robert Bloomfield's biographer informs us that he committed to memory six thousand lines of his "Farmer's Boy" ere he put a single line on paper. The learned Scotchman, Thomas Dempster, affirmed he knew not what it was to forget. Scaliger is said to have committed to memory within twenty-one days the whole of Homer, and within four months all the Greek poets. Ben Jonson could not only repeat all he had ever written, but whole books he had read. Theodore Parker, when in the Divinity School, had a notion that his memory was defective and needed looking after, and he had an immense chronological chart hung up in his room, and he tasked himself to commit the contents—all the names and dates from Adam and the year one down through Nimrod, Ptolemy Soter, Heliogabalus, and the rest.

William Lyon, an itinerant actor, known in Edinburgh about a hundred years ago, one evening over a bottle of wine with some of his theatrical brethren, wagered a crown bowl of punch that the following day at rehearsal he would repeat the whole of a Daily Advertiser. The players, who considered this a mere bravado, paid little attention to it. But as Lyon was positive, one of them accepted the wager. The next morning at rehearsal Lyon was reminded of his bet, imagining that, as he was drunk the night before, he must certainly have forgotten it, and his friend rallied him on his ridiculous boast. Lyon produced the paper, desired the other to look at it and decide the wager. Notwithstanding the want of connection in the paragraphs, the variety of advertisements, and the general chaos which forms the composition of a newspaper, he repeated it throughout without the least hesitation or mistake.

Michael Angelo had an extraordinary memory of the forms of objects. While but a youth



he was distinguished for this remarkable faculty. On one occasion when some artists at a friendly supper had laid a wager as to which of them could produce most faithfully from memory a copy of some grotesque caricature which they had seen upon the walls, Michael Angelo at once reproduced it as accurately as if it had been placed before his eyes—a feat of all the greater difficulty to him as he was accustomed only to draw figures of perfect form and grandeur. Mozart had an equally-prodigious memory of musical sounds. At the early age of fourteen he went to Rome to assist at the solemnities of Holy Week. Scarcely had he arrived there ere he ran to the Sistine Chapel to hear the famous *Miserere* of Allegri. It had been forbidden to take or give a copy of this famous piece of music. Aware of this prohibition the young German placed himself in a corner and gave the closest attention to the music. On leaving the church he noted down the entire piece. The Friday after he heard it a second time, and followed the music with his copy in hand, assuring himself of the fidelity of his memory. Next day he sang the *Miserere* at a concert, accompanying himself on the harpsichord—a performance which caused so great a sensation at Rome that Pope Clement XIV immediately requested that the musical prodigy should be presented to him.

A few years ago a traveler returned from Jerusalem had found in conversation with Humboldt that the latter was as thoroughly conversant with the streets and houses in Jerusalem as he was himself, whereupon he asked the venerable scholar how long it was since he visited Jerusalem, to which Humboldt replied, "I never have been there, but expected to go sixty years ago and prepared myself."

William Hutton, a somewhat original genius, in order to make an experiment on the memory, once divided a blank book into three hundred and sixty-five columns, corresponding to the number of days in the year, and resolved to write on every one an anecdote he had heard in early life, rejecting every thing he had heard within the last ten years. To his surprise he was able to fill the entire book with the exception of ten columns.

The notorious and mysterious Count St. Germain possessed a remarkable memory. Any newspaper he had read once he knew by memory, and possessed such a gigantic comprehensive power of numbering that he retained a series of a thousand numbers, which he could recite forward and backward, and pulled out from the middle. From the court of Henry III, in Cracow, he demanded one hundred packs

of picked cards, mixed them together in disorder, let him tell all the successions of the cards, ordered it to be noticed exactly, and repeated their names, following one after the other, without committing a single error.

We select the following from Prof. Upham's Mental Philosophy: An Englishman at a certain time came to Frederic the Great of Prussia for the express purpose of giving him an exhibition of his power of recollection. Frederic sent for Voltaire, who read before the king a long poem which he had just finished. The Englishman was present, and was in such a position that he could hear every word of the poem, but was concealed from Voltaire's notice. When the reading was finished Frederic observed to the reader that the poem could not be an original one, as there was a foreign gentleman present who could recite every word of it. Voltaire listened with amazement to the gentleman as he repeated word for word the poem which he had been at so much pains in composing, and, giving way to a momentary freak of passion, he tore the manuscript in pieces. A statement was then made to him of the circumstances under which the Englishman became acquainted with his poem, which had the effect to mitigate his anger, and he was quite willing to do penance for the suddenness of his outburst of temper by copying down the work from a second repetition of it by the stranger, who was able to go through with it as before.

Nearly akin to that just now given is the following: A gentleman dining with Dr. Abernathy on the birthday of Mrs. Abernathy, had composed a long copy of verses in honor of the occasion, which he repeated to the family circle after dinner. "Ah," said Dr. Abernathy, smiling, "that is a good joke now, you pretending to have written those verses." The poet simply rejoined, "Such as they are they are entirely my own." After a little good-natured bantering his friend began to evince something like annoyance at the Doctor's apparent incredulity; so, thinking it was high time to finish the joke, "Why," said Abernathy, "I know those verses very well, and could say them by heart." His friend declared this to be impossible, when the Doctor immediately repeated them throughout correctly, and with the greatest apparent ease. Abernathy was used to say, "Had my father allowed me to be a lawyer I should have known every act of Parliament by heart."

Etheridge, in his Life of Dr. Adam Clarke, gives us the following: That eminent Greek scholar, the late Hugh Stewart Boyd, Esq., stood related to Dr. Clarke, not only by con-

sanguinity, but by a cordial sympathy of disposition, and, so far as learning is regarded, of employment and pursuit as well. In classical and patristic erudition he was second to few of his cotemporaries. He was remarkable for the strength of what may be called a verbal memory, which he well improved by enriching his mind with choice passages of the sacred classic writers. I have now on my desk a memorandum dictated by himself, entitled, "The number of lines which I can repeat," namely, Greek prose: Septuagint, 30; Greek Testament, 120; Gregory Nazienzen, 1,860; Basil, 460; Chrysostom, 640; Gregory Nyssen, 15; Methodius, 35; Heliodorus, 30; a few passages of heathen writers, 90. Total of Greek prose, 3,280. Greek verse: Greg. Naz. Carmina, 3,310; Synessi Hymni, 156; Homer, 330; Æschylus, 1,800; Sophocles, 430; Euripides, 350; Pindar, 90; Meleager, 83; Bion, 91; Moschus, 120; Poem in the Life of Plotinus, 10. Total of Greek verse, 4,770.

One of the most remarkable instances of memory we have ever yet met with was that of a young Florentine named Magliabechi, who died in the year 1714. This young man possessed a most unsatiable passion for reading, and became familiar with nearly every book then extant in Europe. He seemed to have no taste for any particular subject, but read indiscriminately whatever came to hand. He was able to retain nearly every thing he read, till he became at length a living, speaking index of all the literature of the age. The learned consulted him when writing on any subject with regard to which they desired information, and he was always able to direct them to the books which treated upon the matter, designating those which discussed it fully and those which merely touched upon it. He remembered not only the matter of the books, but also the places where they were found, and by studying catalogues became familiar with the great libraries he had never seen. He became librarian to the Grand Duke, who one day asked if he could obtain a certain very rare book for him. "No, sir," was the reply, "for there is but one in the world, and that is in the library of the Grand Signior of Constantinople, and is the seventh book on the seventh shelf right hand side as you go in." Another lent him a manuscript one day, and sometime after it had been returned came to him with a very troubled face pretending it had been lost. He professed to be in great trouble, and begged Magliabechi to write down all he could remember of it. He complied, and returned it to him without missing a word.

Perhaps no faculty of the human mind is more capricious than is the faculty of memory. An amusing chapter might be written upon its vagaries. Numerous instances have been met with where all other mental powers seem to have been bartered in exchange for a monster memory. Sometimes the memory is uncommonly retentive and ready on certain subjects, but most culpably at fault on all other questions. One writer tells us of a lady with whom he was acquainted who could tell the number of steps contained in each flight of stairs found in the houses of all her acquaintances, but her memory was not particularly retentive on any thing else.

In 1799 there appeared an obituary of Miss Addison, daughter of the popular essayist, in which it was stated that she inherited her father's remarkable memory but none of his discriminating powers of understanding. She could go on in any part of her father's works and repeat the whole, but was incapable of speaking or writing an intelligent original sentence. Here, then, was a person whose whole brain seems to have resolved itself into memory, for otherwise than in the simple power of recollection she seems to have been a mental imbecile.

The most retentive and ready memory is sometimes at fault on occasions when its services are more especially in demand. We have read of a young man of great ability, and for whom his friends cherished the confident hope of a brilliant success, totally forgetting what he was about to say when attempting his first, and, as it subsequently appeared, his last Parliamentary speech. He tried to resume the thread of his argument, but all was a cheerless blank. He never attempted to address the House again.

Such at times has been the treachery of memory that persons have not been able to give their own name. It is related of one such person that on a certain occasion, when about to leave his name at the door of a house where he had called, that he turned round to his companion to inquire what his own name was. Such temporary and even permanent loss of memory sometimes results from severe attacks of sickness or from great hardships. Thucydides informs us of some persons who, after their recovery from the plague at Athens, had so completely lost their memories that no friend, no relation, nothing connected with their personal identity was remembered. Dr. Bettie speaks of a gentleman who had an apoplectic attack in the year 1776, from which he recovered, but all recollection of the four years im-

mediately preceding the attack was lost, while all that occurred prior to those four years was accurately remembered. Numerous cases of a similar character to those already presented might be adduced.

Physiologists tell us that the body is undergoing a constant process of renovation of its particles, that in the course of every seven or ten years the whole substance of the human frame has been removed to give place to altogether new material. And thus the man of to-day is an entirely different person, so far as his bones, muscles, nerves, brain, and blood-vessels are concerned, from what he was seven or ten years ago. Yet the man is the same. Why? Because of his power of memory, which enables him to retain a record of all past impressions, sensations, ideas, feelings, thoughts, and experiences. The material of the body has changed, but the memory is the same.

Prof. Upham says: "It is known to every one that thoughts and feelings sometimes unexpectedly recur which had slumbered in forgetfulness for years. Some unexpected event, the sight of a waterfall, of a forest, of a house, a peculiarly pleasant or gloomy day, a mere change of countenance, a word, almost any thing which we can imagine, arouses the soul and gives a new and vigorous turn to its meditations. At such times we are astonished at the novel revelations which are made, the recollections which are called forth, the resurrections of withered hopes and perished sorrows, of scenes and companionships that seemed to be utterly lost." Does not Rogers express himself as a believer in the imperishability of the treasures of memory when he says:

"Lull'd in the countless chambers of the brain,  
Our thoughts are linked by many a hidden chain;  
Awake but one, and lo, what myriads rise!  
Each stamps its image as the other flies;  
Each, as the various avenues of sense  
Delight or sorrow to the soul dispense,  
Brightens or fades; yet all, with magic art,  
Control the latest fibers of the heart."

The preceding quotations would seem to receive confirmation from the following interesting narrative which appeared a few years ago in a New York paper. The editor vouches for its strict truthfulness: Some years ago A. held a bond against B. for several hundred dollars, having some time to run. When the bond became due A. made a diligent search for it among his papers, but it was not to be found. Knowing to a certainty that the bond had not been paid or otherwise legally disposed of, A. concluded frankly to inform his neighbor B. of its loss and to rely upon his sense of justice

for its payment. But to his surprise, when informed of the loss, B. denied ever having given such a bond, and strongly intimated a fraudulent design on his part in asserting that such a transaction had taken place between them. Being unable to prove his claim, A. was compelled to submit to the loss of the debt, and also to the charge of dishonorable intentions in urging the demand. Years passed away, and the affair almost ceased to be thought of, when, one day, while A. was bathing in Charles River he was seized with cramp and came near drowning. After sinking and rising several times he was seized by a friend and drawn to the shore and carried home, apparently lifeless. But by application of the usual remedies he was restored; and as soon as he gained sufficient strength he went to his bookcase, took out a book, and from between the leaves took out the identical bond which had been so long missing. He then stated that while drowning and sinking, as he supposed, to rise no more, there suddenly stood out before him, as it were in a picture, every act of his life from his childhood to the moment when he sank beneath the waters, and that among other acts was that of his placing that bond in a book and laying it away in the bookcase. A., armed with the long-lost document found in this marvelous manner, called upon B., of whom he recovered the debt with interest. Similar instances of quickened memory might easily be given.

To a truly good man a retentive memory is an invaluable boon. In a true and noble life, a life full of sympathies and generous deeds for the welfare of the race, there must exist all the materials for the highest possible enjoyment on earth. The man who has ever given a pleasant look, spoken a kind word, or performed a good deed to a wronged heart or saddened spirit, has thrown something of sunshine and cheer about the pathway of a lonely one in life's pilgrimage, and is, by consequence, all the richer and nobler in his heart's experience from the memory of the same. In the sum of kindly offices and worthy deeds which he has performed in behalf of his fellow-men, he has a valuable and enduring inheritance bequeathed to him from the past—an inheritance enviable on the one hand as it is honorable and just on the other. A blessed arrangement of nature indeed is memory when it has the right kind of material to work upon in our own lives.

"Long, long be my heart with such memories filled,  
Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled;  
You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will,  
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

Moore.

To the bad man there are no "pleasant memories." On the contrary, the recollection of his past thoughts, and words, and deeds will lash him in his old age as with a million scorpion stings. In a future state those "stings" will lash him forever.

"Had memory been lost with innocence  
We had not known the sentence nor the offense;  
'T was man's chief punishment to keep in store  
The sad remembrance what he was before."

How many aged wicked men have been compelled to feel the truthfulness of the following sentiments from Byron! Query—Did the lordly and dissolute poet give us herein his own sad experience?

"But in that instant o'er the soul  
Winters of memory seem to roll,  
And gather in that drop of time  
A life of pain, an age of crime;  
O'er him who loves, or hates, or fears,  
Such moments pour the grief of years."

#### MAGDALENE, OF FRANCE.

BY HELEN MORE.

AMONG the records of history we shall find few to exceed in pathetic interest that of the fair young Magdalene, of France, the queen of forty days. No life ever opened more brightly and with fairer promise for an unclouded future. Born of a father—Francis I, of France—whose name was a synonym for all that is chivalrous and accomplished, and of a mother whose surname, the Good, is the truest exponent of her character, endowed with beauty, talents, unbounded wealth, and princely lineage, what more could be desired?

When Magdalene was four years old a treaty of marriage was entered into between her and the young King of Scotland, James V. Her elder sister, Charlotte, had been his destined bride, but was removed by death before the alliance could be consummated. The engagement was, however, broken off on account of the disastrous defeat suffered by Francis at Pavia, February 25, 1525, when a treaty between James and Mary of England, daughter of Henry VIII, and Katherine, of Aragon, was entered into.

Magdalene at this time, having lost her mother, was residing with her aunt, Margaret, of Valois—a woman who, to Claude's goodness and amiability, united talents and intellect, of which Queen Claude had been totally destitute. Though herself a Roman Catholic, yet her liberal spirit and hatred of intolerance led her

to use her influence for the protection of the champions of the Reformation. Brought up under such circumstances, the mind of her niece could not fail to be imbued with the same principles, which, united to her own amiable and gentle disposition, formed a character of rare excellence.

In 1529 peace was concluded between Francis and his enemies, and to insure its stability Francis agreed to marry Eleanor, of Austria. In 1531 negotiations were again entered into by James V, of Scotland, for the hand of Magdalene, but she being at that time but eleven years of age, they were not concluded. They were again renewed in 1533, and favorably received by Francis, provided James would wait till Magdalene had attained a marriageable age.

But no sooner did the treaty become known to the Emperor Charles, of Spain, than he endeavored by a counter-move to prevent its ratification. He wrote to James offering him his choice of the hands of three royal Marys—his sister Mary, widow of King Louis, of Hungary; Mary, of England, daughter of Henry VIII, afterward known as the famous—or infamous—"Bloody Mary;" and his niece, Mary, of Portugal, daughter of his sister, Eleanor, and consequently step-sister to Magdalene. James, however, declined all these alliances, and subsequently that with Christina, of Denmark, which was also offered him.

In the mean time, Magdalene, whose health had never been strong, began to evince symptoms of the same deadly malady to which her mother and two of her sisters had fallen victims. Francis was alarmed for his daughter's health, and yet feared to excite the anger of James. While declining the alliance for Magdalene, therefore, on account of her unfitness to endure the change to the cold climate of Scotland, he offered him the hand of his niece, Mary, daughter of the Duke of Vendôme. To render her a more suitable match for the Scottish monarch, he declared her his adopted daughter, and endowed her with a fortune of one hundred thousand crowns. This offer was accepted, and matters had gone so far that part of the lady's dowry had been paid down beforehand. But James, being of a rather romantic turn of mind, was unwilling to have his wife chosen for him in the usual royal fashion without reference to his taste in the matter. He resolved to obtain a sight of his intended bride before proceeding to extremities.

On the 23d of July, therefore, he embarked at Leith with a hundred attendants, from all of whom the place of his destination was kept a



profound secret. When it was at length discovered it excited universal dissatisfaction, as the idea of the contemplated alliance was unfavorably regarded by all on board. They, therefore, held a consultation after the king had retired for the night, and resolved that the vessel should be put back to Scotland, which was accordingly done. James, being unable single-handed to resist the decree of his companions, was obliged to submit for the time, but did not abandon his intention.

He again embarked on the 1st of September, and this time succeeded in reaching France. He landed at Dieppe, where he assumed the dress of a serving-man, and, with only two or three trustworthy attendants, proceeded to Paris. This city, after a short delay, he left for Vendôme, accompanied by only one gentleman. On his arrival at the home of his affianced he stationed himself at the lower end of the hall among the humble guests, hoping to be able to take his observations of the lady unrecognized. Unfortunately for his project, however, Mary, having also been curious in regard to the appearance of her intended husband, had procured a portrait of him, by means of which she recognized him. In spite of being thus baffled in his scheme, he remained at her father's court eight days. During this time "there was nothing but merriness, banqueting, great cheer, music, and playing on instruments, playing melodiously, with gailliarde dancing in masques, and pretty farces, and plays—all were made unto the King of Scotland, and all other pastimes, as jousting, and running of horses, with all other pleasures that could be devised."

But in spite of the beauty and accomplishments of the lady she seems not to have succeeded in pleasing James's fastidious taste. He, therefore, broke the engagement and violated his princely word without scruple.

Leaving Vendôme he proceeded to Lyons, where Francis had taken up his residence with his family. He was most affectionately received by that monarch, and here, for the first time, he met his future bride, Magdalene. She is described as being exceedingly beautiful. A portrait of her taken at the time of her marriage represents her as above the medium height, slender and exquisitely graceful, with small, regular, delicate features, fair complexion, and light brown hair. James, we know, was exceedingly handsome and fascinating, and between these two young people a mutual and ardent affection seems to have sprung up almost at first sight.

But the request of James for Magdalene's hand was met with a demurrer, partly on ac-

count of his still unbroken engagement with Mary, of Vendôme. Another reason was the delicate state of Magdalene's health, which rendered her removal to the cold climate of Scotland a hazardous experiment. But James would take no denial, and finally the point was reluctantly conceded. This was the more readily done as at the time a favorable change appeared to have taken place in Magdalene's state of health. Though this afterward proved to be only one of those flattering changes which frequently occur in her disease, yet at the time it deceived even the physicians.

The preparations for the marriage were made in a style befitting the rank of the contracting parties, and the day was fixed for the 1st of January following—1537. They were united at the appointed time at the Cathedral of Notre Dame, and the spectacle is described as having been one of unusual magnificence. Seven cardinals assisted at the performance of the ceremony, and among the spectators were the kings and queens of France and Navarre, the Dauphin, the Duke of Orleans, and all the nobility of France.

The newly-married pair remained at the court of Francis till the ensuing Spring, as it was not considered safe for Magdalene to encounter the bleak airs of a Scottish Winter. During their stay James succeeded in thoroughly ingratiating himself with his royal father-in-law, between whom and himself there appears to have been a great similarity of taste and disposition.

In May the royal pair finally left the shores of France for their own home, and after a stormy passage they finally made the harbor of Leith on the 19th of May. "The pleasant Magdalene," "the sweet flower of France," won the love and admiration of all who looked upon her by her radiant beauty and the gentle dignity and sweetness of her mien and bearing.

Preparations for the coronation of the royal bride were immediately begun on a scale of magnificence previously unsurpassed in Scotland. But before they could be completed Magdalene's health began to fail. The physicians recommended a bracing air, and she was accordingly removed to Balmerino. This at first appeared to produce a beneficial effect; but James was unable to remain with her, and Magdalene was unable to endure the separation. She returned to the damp air of Holyrood where he was, and from this time her failure was rapid. In vain were physicians brought from France, vain was the watchful love and care of her fond husband. Death had marked her for his own and would not be

defrauded of his prey. A cold which she contracted terminated in a fever, beneath which her frail strength yielded. She died on the 10th of July, forty days after she first touched Scottish soil. Universal was the mourning for this lovely lady, who, during her brief life, had drawn all hearts to her. Her coffin was deposited with great pomp and state in the royal vault of Holyrood.

Who is there that would not have wished a longer life to this young creature, so beautiful and good, so lovely and so beloved? But she was saved from the thousand perils of her exalted position, and the Christian heart acquiesces in the providence he can not understand in this as in many other events in life that are inscrutable to our feeble vision.

"Short while a pilgrim in our nether world,  
Around thine earthly tomb let roses rise  
And everlasting Spring, in memory  
Of that delightful fragrance which was once  
From thy mild manners quietly exhaled."

But while we breathe this wish from Wordsworth we remember with sorrow that amid the ravages of Holyrood Magdalene's resting-place was not respected, but the sacred ashes violated and the tomb defaced.

#### THE THEMES OF REVELATION.

BY REV. T. M. GRIFFITH.

THE time has come for Christianity to assert the dignity of her mission and the grandeur of her achievements. Long have we heard of heroic deeds and fabled scenes of glory. Vice has had her votaries to sing her praise and paint her deceptive charms; mythology claims the genius of a Homer and a Virgil to crown her altars with the wreath of poesy and celebrate her pomp and power in the music of their numbers; but now that the world is enriched by the possession of a true and living faith, why should we resort for inspiration to the faded relics of superstition that live only in story and in song? We have in revelation a glory beside which all the storied grandeurs of Polytheism pale and fade away, which far exceeds the comprehensive and imposing systems of pantheism, and to which even fiction, with all her thrilling scenes of attractiveness and power, can afford no parallel. Hence we say, let poets and philosophers, with all others that love the good, the beautiful, and the true, forsake the broken cisterns of an obsolete faith and gather around the perennial fountains of a religion pure, living, and inspiring.

True, there is an interest almost enchanting in the recitals of the stirring past and in the moving strains which even a superstitious fancy flings from her harp of fire; and while we listen to the ancient bards that sing with so much fervor and sweetness their darling themes, we wonder not that still their melody haunts the world and charms the listening ages; but this is all of earth and time—not heaven and immortality. The themes of Christianity are clothed with an unearthly interest, infinite in their importance and attractive with all the glories of eternity.

It is a great mistake to suppose that all the treasures of eloquence and poetry enriched the ages past; there are now sublimer fields of thought and deeper sources of poetic feeling. In the great features of revelation are embraced an interest and a power far above that which in ancient days moved the tongue of eloquence or "waked to ecstasy" the poet's "living lyre."

Behold the Deity of the Christian religion, not stained with crimes and corrupted with human passions, but "glorious in holiness;" not wielding the thunderbolts of Divine vengeance in vindictive power, but ruling the universe in justice and in love; not limited in might by the conflicting claims of rival divinities, but swaying the scepter of boundless dominion—all creatures, from highest seraph to the insect of a day, the objects of his care. If Olympus with its feeble terrors was an object of interest, how should the soul be stirred with thoughts of highest heaven, the dwelling-place of Him

"Whose nod is nature's birth,  
And nature's shield the shadow of his hand,  
Her dissolution his suspended smile;  
The great First-last."

the source of life to all the worlds, who covers a teeming universe with the footsteps of his glory!

Look for a moment, also, at the central theme of Christianity—Christ crucified. Here is where faith delights to look and the Christian fancy loves to linger. Christ on the cross has been pictured by the living and dying believer till the scene has thrown a ray of celestial glory upon life and into the darkness of the tomb. We honor the blood of patriots and heroes, but we rejoice in the richer blood that stained the cross and in a living tide that flows through the centuries to every ransomed soul, till where once was seen but desolation and despair now bloom the fruits of peace and beams the light of heavenly hope. Here is a theme around which cluster all of loveliness,

and power, and wisdom; more than the conqueror's glory, sublimity beyond the philosopher's reach of thought, and moral beauty peerless amid the bright visions of time. Contemplate all the features of the extended plan, look upon the scale of wonders as they rise beyond the ken of human conception, think of the ruin from which it saves, the glory to which it exalts, and then say whether the altars of superstition or the shrine of Christianity is more invested with inspiring and attractive power.

Then there is the grand and overwhelming doctrine of eternity. If the teachings of astronomy be true, that there are nebulae in the fields of space so distant that their light must have occupied untold centuries in reaching us, what must be the grandeur of that existence which reaches back beyond the birth of nebulae and worlds of light, embracing within it the roll of everlasting ages, and extending onward when seas, and skies, and systems may all be swept away, when all that is destined to perish shall die, and none but He who called them into being shall remain with those on whom he has stamped his own imperishable nature. If the soul of man was an object of interest to sages of old on account of its gigantic and expansive powers, what must it be to the Christian philosopher, who knows that all these tremendous energies shall live when dynasties have passed away, and thrones have crumbled into dust, and the world's history is but a tale of the past? If Tartarus contained within its dreary walls objects of pity and sights of woe which caused the harp of the minstrel to yield sad strains of touching melody, what a theme of pathos has he who attempts to sing in fitting strains the requiem of a spirit lost! And if Elysium had its lovely vales, and skies serene, and groves of pleasure, the abode of the blessed, and this was a subject of poetic thought and feeling, what a rapture should fire the soul of him who has for his theme the Gospel's blessedness and heavenly rewards! As to the principles of Christianity we can only refer to them—meekness, temperance, forgiveness of wrong, devotion, joy, peace; *faith*, that attaches the soul to a sure support and gives it a hold of heaven when the pillars of earthly promise are removed; *hope*, with its ravishing prospects extending on through the bright vistas of eternal years; and *love*, the noblest, divinest of them all, that unites our fallen but redeemed world in one common brotherhood, that draws the sinful and the desolate to the bosom of a reconciled Deity, and sways the soul, entranced for aye by the sweet sorcery of its power.

When shall the minstrel come commissioned to sing in strains almost seraphic the themes of revelation? He has not yet appeared. Milton has sublimely depicted the lost glories of Paradise, Young has given utterance to deep and solemn truths of time and immortality, and Cowper has sweetly and sadly sung of human tenderness and heavenly hope; but none have reached the full glory of their theme. Would that the peerless Shakspeare, who sung of life, had struck a higher note—

"Pursued the track  
Which opens out of darkness into day;  
O, had he mounted on his wing of fire,  
Soared where we sink, and sung immortal man,  
How had it blessed mankind!"

Well may the throng of Christian poets gather around his tomb, lament the perversion of his genius, and sigh for *his* immortal strain.

#### BOREAL NIGHTS.

BY REV. B. F. TEFFT, D. D.

#### NIGHT THE TWENTY-THIRD.

LET us, for the purpose of inspecting the operation of this monarchical free government, take a tour through the departments of the National Parliament or Diet. The first place we enter is the House of Nobles, where every nobleman of the kingdom representing a family has the right to come without an election; and we here find a vast congregation of them with their shields and escutcheons covering the four high walls. They are really a splendid set of men, their high qualities and finished education appear in all their movements; they seem to be perfectly acquainted with the business of government, and their whole bearing proclaims them to be the actual and conscious governors of their country. We now go to the House of Clergy, where we still see a cultivated class of gentlemen, who have come here partly by virtue of their high offices in the State Church, and partly by the suffrages of their own order. This house is, therefore, just such an assembly as is supposed will represent the policy and interests of their class; and with all their marked intelligence there is a stiffness among them evincing an unfamiliarity with the forms of legislation, but at the same time an indomitable stubbornness in the support of their own views and feelings. So entirely settled do they seem within themselves that it requires a call from some distinguished nobleman to illustrate their real character. And here one comes. He has the insignia of his high birth and position

on him. How the clergymen of this house flock about him! What bowings, and scrapings, and obeisances to show him how influential he is among them! But we pass on. We now take a seat, or a stand, among the peasants. These have all come here by an election of their peers, and we witness the plain marks of honesty, liberality, and uneducated simplicity. They are a class of honored and unsuspecting country people. They evidently wish to do what is exactly right, and this they would do to the best of their ability if left to their own impulses; but see what a sprinkling of busy black-coated noblemen and of white-necked clergy there is among them! These noblemen and clergymen are overjoyed to hold a little conversation with these unthinking and unsuspicious peasants! The reader easily understands the object of these visits, and so we step over to the House of Burgesses, where we fall in with a class of persons such as we see in the great stores of Stockholm, whose keen eye and settled features declare them to be men of character and business. They are persons of a most manly and independent bearing. They know what they want, and intend to get it. We see no crowd here from the other Houses. A nobleman occasionally comes in, says a few words, and goes out again, without creating any bustle. There stands a clergyman with the white lappets hanging down upon his bosom, but no one seems to know him, or at least to recognize his presence. Here in this house is the bone and sinew, the heart and hope of Sweden's present position and of her rapidly-coming future. These are the men sent here by a constituency engaged in every sort of business to see that the other orders do no detriment, and to promote the material and general welfare of their country, and they will do it.

II. But we must now go out and visit these several orders at their homes:

1. Here is the palace of a great nobleman. His estate consists of five, ten, or it may be twenty or thirty thousand acres, generally of the choicest land in Sweden. It came to him as the eldest son of a noble father, not by the right of primogeniture, but by entailment, which in practice amounts to the same thing. His dwelling is a model of its kind, and the kind is the best in Sweden. He has furnished it with every luxury and filled it with the costliest collections of books, paintings, statuary, and other sculpture. He has several rooms, it may be, stored with the curiosities of Swedish art and lighter manufactures, and perhaps with many similar curiosities from other

countries. His apartments are all on a vast scale and exhibit the most perfect taste, supported by a purse almost without a bottom. His surroundings are all magnificent; his out-houses are numerous, well-arranged, and beautiful. His barns are stored with fodder, his stalls with multitudes of fine cattle, and his stud of horses has been bred with great skill and care, or imported from England, Germany, and the blessed Arabia. He dwells in the midst of a green park cut into squares, triangles, and other forms of beauty, by graveled walks with their ornamented borders, and lined by trees that might tell their tales of a glorious but long-gone antiquity. In all directions are his orchards, his green-houses, and his gardens. This is the center of his possessions; but they extend so far that hundreds of people, and it may be thousands, including one or more villages, reside upon his property. Some of them may hold their estates from him by long leases, others are mere tenants, others are his servants, who belong in a manner to the property, and work for him so many days in a year for the privilege of breathing God's air above the great man's soil. All these people are bound to their lord as subjects. They are his subjects first, then the king's. He is the king they see, and know, and feel. The other king they have never seen, and never feel his influence or his power. Some of them have the right of suffrage. They vote for some one of their number, or for some other person, to represent them in the Diet. But which of them will ever cast a ballot contrary to the expressed wishes of their master? Their right is a mere privilege, and the privilege is a mockery of freedom, a solemn sham.

2. But this nobleman has a neighbor whose possessions are not generally quite so ample though very great. He is a bishop or the rector of the parish. If the former, he may have a farm of several thousand acres; his house and surroundings are on a scale of grandeur, showing him to be an ecclesiastical prince, and he vies with the lord of the manor in nearly all respects. If the latter, his acres are to be counted by the hundreds, his dwelling is that of a rich landlord in other countries; he has every thing in abundance growing upon his land, his parishioners perform for him all the labors of the house and field, and in addition each one of them is compelled by law to bring to him a given portion of every thing they raise themselves. He is their spiritual teacher. He speaks to them from the sacred desk every week. He marries them, baptizes and confirms their children, and he follows, or



rather conducts, their departed ones, their loved and lost, to the silent mansions of the dead. He is the friend familiar: he goes into all their families, he rejoices with them in their seasons of hilarity, he mourns with them when they are called to weep. But the laws make this man a politician. If a bishop, he belongs to the House of Clergy without the form of a particular election. If a rector, or assistant rector, or curate, he is sent there by the choice of his associates. When there, he represents, of course, not the country but his order. But which of these clerical gentlemen will be likely, with their wealth, honors, and influence resting on them, to suffer his parishioners to enter into an election for themselves without interference? Will not the voice of such a man, especially when united with that of a neighboring lord, give direction to a majority of the votes thrown within the parish? And it is not only the interest but the fashion for these two orders of aristocrats to unite upon common measures for their mutual advantage and defense.

3. Upon this neighboring hill, however, there lives a gentleman during the Summer months whose fixed abode is in one of the cities of the ancient realm. He comes here for air and rural life. Or rather his family is here, his wife, his children, his servants, while he is mostly engaged in his city occupations, coming here only now and then to spend a day and night. Here he is looked upon as a transient guest, and is known to the population only by his flying visits. His real influence is exerted in the city of his residence. There he is surrounded by noblemen and clergymen. He associates with them in ordinary life, but he is always too busy to raise any considerable opposition to clerical or noble intrigues. He may meet these orders in the Diet, and there he is sure to seek the best good of the industrial interests of his country, if he knows what those interests are, as in them is involved his personal success. His natural position is, in his own cause, to seek the best good of all the people of the State; but it is fortunate if even he is not sometimes swayed in his course by the palpable consideration that a too rigid opposition to the wishes of the rich nobles and of the influential clergy might seriously affect his business.

4. If the men of business, who are also, as a general thing, men of intelligence and position, can be reached by the all-encompassing influence of the aristocratic classes, what shall be said of that influence when brought to bear directly and continually upon the laboring, honest,

uneducated, and unsuspecting peasants? The peasants are largely dependent upon their superiors. If one of them here and there rises by great energy and talents to wealth and social power, he is courted, and generally seduced, by the higher classes. If he will not yield to their blandishment, how easily he can be crushed by a united and persistent opposition! When he yields, what a pliant instrument he becomes, and how potent in the hands of the aristocrats in leading to the same end and purpose the body of the peasantry! These, poor people! have as much as they can do, and that by the severest drudgery, to obtain their daily bread. They have no time for politics. They may vote one of their number their representative to the Parliament under the aristocratic pressure already noticed, but they can scarcely leave their labor long enough to throw their ballot, and have really no time, and generally but little inclination, to investigate the merits of either candidates or parties.

III. Such is the constitution of the Swedish Parliament, and such the general condition and the mutual relations of the orders electing members to it. It requires but little sagacity to perceive that the legislation attempted by such a body will be what is justly styled by public writers class legislation. Each representative will be seeking the advantage and protection of his order, and it is easy to see in a contest where birth, wealth, and social position are united against the two remaining interests who will nearly always win the race. And the history of Sweden has only one and the same tale to tell. It speaks of the gradual encroachments of the secular and ecclesiastical aristocracy from a long-gone age till the populace were reduced to almost a servile subjection. The law of entailment, and the opportunities constantly occurring of adding land to land by purchase or by grants wrenched from the grasp of royalty by the imperious demands of its ministers and servants, has mapped out the kingdom into vast estates, whereon the four orders are still residing in the manner and under the mutual relations which I have mentioned. These relations the Upper House of the Parliament have always labored, and do still contrive, to preserve against the remonstrances and occasional attempts of their inferiors. Nor would there ever have been any sturdy remonstrances or any serious attempts but for the manly independence of the burghesses, who, as a general rule, have found their interests best served by forming a party of opposition with the House of Peasants. Even when no overt party of this kind existed the

latent sympathies of the two classes tended toward each other rather than to the higher orders. With all the blandishments and machinations of the nobility and clergy, there has always been an inward feeling among the peasants that their best friends were the citizens, to whose side they have frequently inclined in times of trial: and it is this combination, either openly acknowledged or felt secretly, which has so long preserved the kingdom from being swallowed up entirely by the voracious appetite for wealth and power of the two higher classes.

IV. But it is to the fifth class of the population, not known to the laws nor recognized by any of the Swedish institutions, that the nation is mainly indebted for the preservation of its liberties. Since the days of the Reformation, when Sweden began to take some part in the business operations of the surrounding nations, and to have a more active business of her own, this portion of the people has been growing in number, in wealth, in influence, and in their consequent importance to the country. They are now very numerous, highly respectable, engaged in all the trades, professions, and occupations, and yet have no voice, vote, or connection with the political arrangements or doings of the kingdom. Some of them are men of immense riches, of great attainments, and of decided social power, but are entirely excluded from every thing connected with the government of the country. Not only do they carry on large business operations, but they write books, edit newspapers, and perform the duties of instructors, while the anomalous constitution of the country gives them no part in legislation. They must obey the laws, but can not help to make or mend them. They pay heavy taxes toward the support of the government, but have no acknowledged rights of representation. They bear all the burdens and suffer all the inconveniences of the social state, but have nothing to say when the State assembles to lay down rules and regulations. They have borne this condition for centuries, but have grown, nevertheless, in every element of political and social influence. Seeing by what orders they have been held back, and by what policy disowned as a portion of the people, they have naturally imbibed free principles, and they have always been, as they are this day, the sturdy friends of a liberal government. They have no love for the nobility, they have but little respect for the clergy; their sympathies are entirely with the many against the few, with the peasantry against their seducers and oppressors, with freedom for all in opposi-

tion to this double-headed aristocracy, and they are ready for any opportunity or movement which shall reform Sweden into some conformity with the free and enlightened spirit of the more liberal nations. They meddle with no parties, they hold no meetings of their own, they form no clubs, or cliques, or cabals in secret; they scarcely speak on questions connected with the government. They are simply a great power perfectly self-composed; they are at perfect rest; they know that their importance is felt by all the ruling orders; they are conscious of being the "difficulty" in the national situation, but they do not demand what they see is coming for them from the felt awkwardness of a country which excludes such a population from all political connections.

V. From this quarter, in fact, there have sprung up the first movements of a social and political revolution in this ancient kingdom; and it is this awkwardness of feeling shared by all the orders that has been the most active cause in giving rise to it. How could it be otherwise among a candid and thinking people? How could the nobles as individuals, how could the clergymen as citizens associate on easy terms with those whose wealth and business were not only great, but constantly extending, and whose intelligence and virtues were entirely equal to their own, but whom their jealousy or selfishness had wholly excluded from all participation in the government of their common country? How could the peasantry not respect a class whose manifold business operations gave to so many of themselves their employment and their bread? How could the burghesses, the equals only and oftentimes the business partners of this class, with whom they intermarried and associated every way on the most friendly terms, hold them off from their natural right of helping to administer a government which it was their duty to obey and their interest to support! The awkwardness of this state of things has long, and on both sides been keenly felt; it has been growing instead of diminishing with every year's increase of this part of the population, and it has at last become so insupportable that the king himself has been set on by his leading ministers, if not by the whole cabinet, to propose a reform, which in its results must work a complete revolution of the government.

VI. The older revolution, which in 1809 culminated in the election of Bernadotte, one of Napoleon's *marechals*, was the work of the Swedish people ostensibly in opposition to a hated dynasty, but really also in behalf of a popular freedom, which that dynasty had always

conspired with the nobility and clergy to diminish rather than enlarge. The son and successor of Bernadotte, King Oscar, though a ruler of good intentions, and oftentimes in great favor with the people, rendered himself weak and irresolute by his devotedness to pleasure; and if he ever had any democratic tendencies or intentions, his luxury and amours defeated his purposes, and so delayed the natural expectations of his people. The present king, the very popular Charles the Fifteenth, the pride and pet of all Sweden, is said to have had the design of enlarging the liberties of the nation prior to the present manifestation of the wishes of his subjects; he is reported to have uttered several years ago some very liberal sentiments, indicating almost a democratic spirit; and this was to have been expected of a monarch so unostentatious, so condescending, so popular in his temper and his manners. But report will also have it that soon afterward his tone of conversation suffered a radical change in relation to this subject. He is accused of having been won over from his native impulses by the influence of the clergy and the nobles. But of these things I have only common rumor for my proof. It is certain, however, that when his chief minister, the Baron De Geer, a man of remarkable intellect and even of genius, presented a thoroughly-cogitated plan for the reformation of the State, his Majesty was entirely averse to it. But the ministry had given a unanimous consent to the new propositions, and when they were brought to the king for the last time to receive either his assent or veto, a scene is said to have been enacted worthy of recollection. The monarch, as usual when about receiving his cabinet, was sitting in his great chair in the room of the palace called the cabinet. The ministry stood before him, the man of genius and of republican principles holding in his hand the propositions. "Boys," said the king, "take seats." De Geer replied that they had brought the propositions of reform for his Majesty's examination and approval. "Well, take seats, boys, take seats," said the king, evidently wishing to protract the discussion and perhaps to evade the issue, as he had often done before. "No," replied the minister, "if it please your Majesty we have determined never to take seats here again till we have the king's name to these propositions." This was noble, patriotic, and decisive. It was not long before the manuscript could show the august name of Charles written in a bold hand at the bottom of the paper.

VII. The plan of the great and popular De

Geer is now known as the King's Propositions; and though his Majesty is known to have given his signature under a sort of duress, the people have the most perfect confidence in his honor. They believe that, like an honorable man of business, he will not disregard his name, though procured in the manner here described. They think he will follow up his signature with acts. He is generally relied upon to aid in silencing the opposition of the aristocratic orders. They, as was expected, are divided in opinion in regard to the necessity and propriety of the propositions. They have held the people at bay so long they generally imagine the same thing could have been continued, while some of them are hearty in their approval of the reforms projected. One nobleman, who has long since ceased to attend the sessions of the Diet, has been heard to say that he expects to go to Stockholm but once more in his official capacity, and that that will be to vote against the King's Propositions. The clergy, however, are the most obstinate, industrious and persistent opponents of the new measures. It is a singular fact, also, that the highest noblemen and the lowest of the peasantry are the two extremes of the population almost wholly indifferent to the success or failure of these measures. The great nobles can always rely upon their inordinate wealth, upon their birth, upon their prestige generally, for every purpose they may wish to effect, and the most degraded peasants are so degraded, so ignorant, so pressed by poverty that they think and care for nothing but their daily bread. If these parties shall ever become active participants in the revolution the one will be brought to it by the influence of those next below, the other by the exertions of those next above them. If ever accomplished, the reform will be the work of the burgesses and of the fifth or unrecognized class of the population, aided, of course, by all those individual and scattered members of the nobility and clergy who see in the propositions the political, financial, and moral regeneration of their country.

VIII. When superficially regarded, the new plan would seem to be almost unexceptionable to any party, and certainly very harmless. We have seen that the Swedish Parliament, or Diet, consists of four several branches, that each branch represents one of the four orders of the population, and that a bill requires a majority of those voting in each several House for its enactment. The fundamental idea of the King's Proposition is, that hereafter there are to be but two Houses, as in England and in our own Congress. This looks simple and

innocent enough, for no one of the orders is excluded by it, but the mischief, the novelty, the thing dreaded by the aristocratic classes is to be found in the necessary appendages and foreseen results of this novel construction of the Parliament. There are to be two Houses and yet four orders of the population. How are the orders to be represented in this reformed Diet? It would have been natural enough to have put the nobility and clergy into the Upper, the burgesses, peasants, and this fifth class into the Lower House. This would have been monarchical. It would have been the copying of France and England. But the almost republican De Geer has gone further. He has approached as near our own form as he thought was practicable in the present condition of his country. He throws both Houses open to every Swedish subject, whatever his former rank, who has certain qualifications of age and property. We have in America a qualification as to age. De Geer has added to this a property qualification, hoping thereby to gain the nobility and clergy, who are generally men of means; but his republican ideas are evident in the very small amount of estate personal and real which he has made essential to an election. The members of the Upper House also serve their country gratis, while those of the lower branch are paid; and this was also thrown in to catch the ambition of the higher orders, though it is plain enough that this whole matter of qualifications and of pay will be settled easily enough in a more democratic form as soon as the new Constitution shall have been put into successful operation. There is another republican feature slyly thrown into the body of these propositions. Now a bill must have its majority in each House, as has been seen, to become a law. Hereafter the votes of both Houses are to be added together as one vote for and against any bill, and the consequence is, that the Lower or popular House, which is to have much the larger representation, will always have the advantage of the Upper House in carrying or defeating any measure. The popular branch, in fact, will have the power almost always to carry or defeat the other branch in spite of its utmost opposition. The king alone, who retains the veto, can restrain the people as represented in this Lower House from what he may regard as the excess of a democratic legislation.

IX. But the nobility and clergy dread the natural consequences of this new Constitution more than they do the immediate bearings it will have upon legislation. When there are but two branches of one Parliament to which

all Swedes may rightfully and hopefully aspire, what will become of the four orders among the population? De Geer and his fellow-reformers have certainly but one intention. They know well that as soon as rank shall cease to give a man any political advantages nine-tenths of its value will have passed away, and that when the value of it is gone it will be very quietly and willingly resigned as a useless and perhaps obnoxious thing. Then, as with us, and as in all republics, there will be but one people, with one legislature and one executive head; and it will be quite immaterial what that head is called, whether president or king, when he has no lordly orders to support him in exorbitant pretensions, and when the law-making power of the country will be in the hands of its free and equal population.

X. This singular form for the construction of a virtual republic out of an established monarchy almost petrified by age, which, like the granite rocks forming the country's barrier against the ocean, has defied all the encroachments and aggressions of the world around it, is one of the master-pieces of modern statesmanship, sure to make the name of its projector—in Sweden, at least—immortal. It is now to go forth to the Swedish population and there to undergo the scrutiny which it is sure to meet. No man can certainly foresee the result of the examination. It is sure that a majority, an overwhelming majority, of the people will receive it with unbounded favor; but whether a majority of the voting orders, of the warring forces, will support and return it to the Diet with their approbation is devoutly hoped for, but positively believed by none but the most sanguine of the Swedish patriots. It will give occasion for a formidable contest. It will shake society in Sweden to its center. It will array the four orders in mutual opposition, and bring up the fifth class, as yet unclassified and unacknowledged, to a place among their countrymen. It will show the common people, the democratic masses, who are the friends and who the enemies of their rights and welfare. The nobles and clergy must act their part with caution if they wish to avert the most serious consequences to themselves, or avoid a general and perhaps a more thorough revolution. Nothing but good, however, can come from this late attempt at a quiet, at least a peaceful reformation. The history of the country and all her established institutions will undergo a most searching investigation. Many bad facts will be brought to light. The usurpations of the aristocracy will be ferreted out and published. Not only politics but religion will be



generally discussed. The priesthood will not shield the nobility, the nobility can not screen the clergy in the fiery ordeal. The ground will rock as if by a score of earthquakes. The heavens will tremble and the clouds burn with the fearful artillery to be marshaled into the general struggle. But for myself, after a year's observation, reading, study, and conversation, I have no fears as to the termination. The fifth-class men will work, silently but effectually, as such men always work. The peasantry will be gradually enlightened, converted, and made effective. The burgesses are already in the field, and will not leave it till their enterprise is accomplished. The great and powerful nobles will not venture their existence by making a class opposition to the movement, and the clergy, poor fellows! who have so long held away in Sweden, will not be able to resist the storm that will sweep against and perhaps over them. The work must go forward, and the end will be at the close of the three years set apart by the laws for the discussion of all radical changes in the Constitution, a new and reformed government for Sweden.

XI. One fact I wish to make more prominent in this brief survey of the existing and coming struggle. It is a fact of vital importance and full of instruction not only for Sweden but for all nations. The fact is, that while the clergy of every free country where the Church and State are not united, are always the leaders of the people in every great reform, in every general movement, whether religious, moral, or political, and the surest friends of new institutions after they have become established, the clergy of monarchical countries, where the Church and the State are politically connected, are as uniformly the enemies of all progress. They feel that their connection with the State is an unnatural, unscriptural, unwise, and fictitious connection, and that the slightest examination will expose its absurdity and endanger their position. It has been so in all revolutions. It is so now in Sweden. The clergy are almost the only people here who treat the King's Propositions with obstinacy and bitterness. They are calling upon heaven and doing what they can on earth to defeat the proposed renovation of the kingdom. But I am glad that their influence in this relation is not much feared, though felt. While I always rejoice at the success of every minister of God in his proper work, I can but wish him defeat and loss when traveling out of his natural and lawful place. I am most happy now, while looking upon the daily fortunes of this struggle, to see the clergymen of Sweden

snubbed and insulted for their nefarious efforts in this grand reform. The leading journal of the capital and of all Sweden recently closed a review of their operations in these as well as in former times with the following emphatic question, "Why is it that when the love of humanity or the progress of civilization calls for any reform in politics, morals, or religion, the clergy of the country are always the most active and bitter in their opposition and throw every possible obstacle in the way of all improvement in legislation?" That is a momentous inquiry, and it will go the rounds of the newspapers and among all classes of the people in the existing struggle. It is susceptible of but one only answer. The reason called for is to be found in the political connection between Church and State, and when fully discovered, and understood, and weighed by the public it will bring to an end the civil pre-eminence and the political power of the rulers of the Church in Sweden. When the priests shall have been disposed of, the nobility will soon fall to their proper rank as eminent citizens, but citizens only, of their country; and then, as the next and last result, this glorious old kingdom, the home of the English and American tongue and of many of our common and most cherished institutions, will become a most prosperous nation as a land of freemen. Home of our earliest ancestors, and the first to welcome the thirteen revolutionary colonies into the great family and fellowship of nations, Sweden will then stand, politically, morally, religiously, and in every element of national prosperity and power, by the side of the great Republic.

## SONNET.

BY REV. T. S. HODGSON.

"And I said, O that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest!"—David.

It is the old lament—the undertone  
That bubbles up, like murmurs of the sea,  
From life's deep waters. What the soul would be  
Embodied in its loftiest thoughts, and grown  
Unto the stature of a bliss unknown  
But to its grand conceptions, sure nor we,  
Nor wisest, happiest of eternity,  
Can lift our minds so high. The ceaseless moan  
That makes the saddest music earth can know  
Is but the panting of the soul pressed down  
From its eternal soarings by the woe  
Which sin hath made our curse and love our crown.  
If we would fly away and be at rest,  
The wings of innocence must fold our breast.

## MAN ALL IMMORTAL.

BY THE EDITOR.

WE have just finished the perusal of the work of Bishop Clark bearing the above title. The book has yet received no befitting notice in the columns of the Repository. The modesty of its author, our predecessor, forbid his commenting upon it, and a single glance at the book revealed to us that it is too important and interesting a work, and of a kind that appears from the press too seldom, to be passed over with a mere notice in the "book column." We therefore determined to wait till we should have time to read and inwardly digest it. The very full and analytical table of contents convinced us that a rich treat was in store for us. We have not been disappointed. The whole great subject of immortality and the future life has been to us one of intense interest—to whom indeed is it not?—yet to ourself it has been especially so. Passing through the ordeal of a course of medical study, through the scenes of the dissecting-room, the revelations of the scalpel, the microscope, and the chemists' laboratory, and perhaps above all the almost unconscious influence of professors and textbooks strongly imbued with the materialistic tendencies so characteristic of modern science, we did not come out unscathed, but found our mind clouded on the subject of immortality, and full of questions and difficulties. This influence we felt upon us for years, leading us toward skepticism with regard to many of the facts which revelation utters on this subject. Not that skepticism which ends in infidelity, but that state of doubt and darkness which drives the honest mind to more earnest and careful investigation, but which is also sufficient to weaken the realizations of faith and to rob the soul of the hope and blessedness which the sublime facts of the Christian's future life are intended to inspire.

We are not sure that we pursued the best course to relieve our difficulties when, instead of clinging believingly and prayerfully to the pure "words of eternal life," we turned aside to investigate the great problems in the light of what men have said and written upon them. Certainly our faith was not strengthened by the guesses of ancient philosophers, the subtle theories of modern metaphysicians, the new interpretations and exegesis of Scripture by modern skeptics, or the materialistic themes so prevalent among the explorers and teachers of natural science. To turn away from these pages of philosophers guessing at truth, of

metaphysicians endeavoring to settle the great question of man's future destiny by profound explorations into the mysteries of our present life and subtle analyses of our present nature, of even Christian expositors who, too readily yielding to the supposed pressure of philosophical and scientific difficulties, have endeavored to explain the teachings of the Divine Word so as to bring them into harmony with these skeptical objections, and of anatomists and physiologists who have endeavored with the scalpel and the microscope to reduce man to a mere organized machine or a bundle of material forces—to turn away from the pages of all these to the plain, earnest, Scriptural, common-sense, orthodox pages of the work before us is like passing from the darkness of night into the light of day. There it is man endeavoring to fathom with his own feeble reason the mysteries of our being; here it is God speaking out of the darkness to his children, the author only humbly endeavoring to help us hear and understand the voice of the Father. Following the theories and speculations of men we only seem to wander through dark forests by intricate and ever-recrossing pathways, with here and there only a gleam of light and hope breaking through the darkness around us. We have often felt as if our leader with a faint torch-light was only leading us through a dark cavern, of which he could show us nothing but the winding and never-ending passages, with now and then a momentary beauty as the glimmer of his torch fell on some flashing stalactite that dropped from the invisible roof above. Surely this can not be a true picture of the state and condition in which God has left us in the present life. No; turning from these guides to the Word of God, we feel ourselves walking in a broad and open place, with God's sunshine breaking in beauty around us, and sometimes can climb to the summit of Pisgah and look over the land of promise "flowing with milk and honey," and even reach the "delectable mountains" and behold the "city of God."

We are glad Dr. Clark has not written a "philosophy of the future life," nor felt called upon to use a metaphysical or closely-logical style, or to pursue the false theories which he handles so effectually into the remote and subtle regions of analysis, where no one walks steady and the people can not follow. His metaphysics is no deeper than that of the Bible; his style is easy, flowing, popular; his order of thought is that of the people; his reasoning, while strong and conclusive, is not far-fetched or intricate, but such as addresses

itself to the popular mind. Every-where the work abounds in earnest and eloquent passages, some of them really so beautiful that we shall be tempted some day to use them as "gems of literature." He covers the whole subject of "immortality and the future life." Beginning with the immateriality and indestructibility of the human soul, he considers it in the characteristics which distinguish it from vegetable and animal life, from any possible product of organization, from any possible capabilities of matter, and from any mere manifestation of force. He studies its intelligence as distinguished unmistakably from all manifestations of reason and instinct in the lower animals. He then develops the truths of its immense capabilities, traces its intimate relations with the human body, its intercourse with the external world through the medium of the senses, its capability of separate existence from the body, and its natural immortality, which he defines to mean that God created it an immortal being and intends it to be such, and therefore such is its *nature*. The author then shows to us the deathless spirit passing unscathed through the mysterious and to us impenetrable passages of death to enter upon the wonderful and sublime destinies of its eternal state. The origin, the nature, and the phenomena of death he draws with a master hand. He anatomizes the symptoms of approaching dissolution like an experimenter in natural science; he explains the various steps in its progress like a physiologist, and counts the weakening and failing pulse like a physician. Cold indeed will be the heart that will not warm into exultation over the examples he here gives us of the complete triumph of the soul over the terrible ravages of disease and death wrought upon the body.

The author then introduces the difficult but important doctrine of the intermediate state of the soul, proves conclusively that there must be an intermediate state of some kind, exposes the various errors which have prevailed in the world with regard to it, denies the existence of an intermediate or "third" place, refutes that prevalent modern notion most revolting to all the instincts of our nature that the soul dies with the body and lives no more till the resurrection, proves our conscious existence during the intermediate state, and ushers the souls of the righteous dead at once into the immediate and glorious presence of Christ. He claims for the soul in its separate state an appropriate and recognizable human form, a form that may be vastly improved, infinitely more glorious, but yet the same, and that may

be known by us when we also shall enter the spirit-world before the resurrection—a thought which greatly enhances the anticipated glories of the reunion which we so shortly expect with the departed.

On the tender and delicate question of intercourse between the living and the dead, the author speaks cautiously and judiciously. After stating the opinions of several wise and good men, and some cases of alleged apparitions and of intercourse with the spirit-world which are wholly wanting in any proper validity from any responsible witness, he writes: "But after all, the idea can not be set down as an exploded fancy, for we must yet regard it, even after so many ages of inquiry and observation, as still an undetermined question. We are still inclined, after setting aside the great number of such alleged events as fictitious or as mistaken conceptions, to believe the occurrence of such a thing possible if not actual." We agree with the author in greatly doubting the whole subject of visible apparitions or of spiritual manifestations to any of the outward senses, while we feel with him that in the idea of *spiritual communion* with the departed there is neither in reason nor in the nature of things any impossibility. "There are seasons when the soul seems to recognize the presence of and hold communion with the departed. They are like angelic visitants; we meet them in our lonely walks, in our deep and solemn meditations, and in our closet communings: we meet them when the lengthening shadows hallow the eventide—mysterious and solemn is their communion; we meet them when sorrows encompass us round about, and hallowed is the influence their presence imparts. Who shall say that at such times there is not a real communion between the living and the dead? Who shall say that there is not, then, a real presence of the dead with the living?"

Remembering the title of his work—"Man All Immortal"—the author then turns to the doctrine of the resurrection of the human body. Around no other doctrine has there gathered such doubt, skepticism, misrepresentation, even ridicule and caricature, as about the doctrine of the resurrection; and yet no doctrine is more peculiarly a subject of revelation or is more explicitly and repeatedly declared in the Word of God, or is more consistently and even essentially connected with the whole scheme of religion and redemption. It is a vital doctrine of Christianity, it is essential to the completeness of the Redeemer's work; without it we are left still to "groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of

our body." It constitutes an essential element in the question of man's destiny. It is often forced upon us with a touching tenderness that extorts the enquiry from the very depths of the soul. The inscrutable mysteries that encircle it, and the deep interest we have in it, make it a question of momentous concern to the human race, and yet the spirit with which the objector approaches it is to this day the spirit with which it was approached in the days of St. Paul when the proud Athenians said, "What will this babbler say?" because he preached Jesus and the resurrection. The author does well then to appropriate a hundred pages of his work to this important doctrine. He covers the ground ably and well. He first shows that the resurrection of the human body is suggested by analogies in nature, is clearly embodied in the teachings of the Old Testament Scriptures, and is demonstrated by individual resurrections. He then turns to the New Testament and proves the following facts: "that our Savior tacitly assented to it when casually mentioned before him; that he distinctly affirmed and taught it; that the inspired apostles asserted that God had raised the dead, expressed their own confident expectation of a resurrection, and asserted the doctrine in the most positive manner; that the doctrine entered largely into their preaching—was one of the grounds of objection urged against them by their opponents—that they expressed wonder at its rejection by others, and reasoned with objectors; that they rebuked those that said the resurrection was already passed, and finally, that the rising of the dead from their graves in the earth and in the seas is shadowed forth in graphic outline in the Revelations."

This done the author then lays the broad foundation for the whole doctrine in the resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ. This is an able chapter, in which the whole subject of Christ's resurrection is investigated, both as a historical fact and in its profound relations to the scheme of redemption, and especially to the doctrine of a general resurrection. It was exceedingly refreshing to read this earnest, believing, appreciative article on the resurrection of Christ just after reading an article in the strain of the following passage from the pen of a French Protestant pastor of the Evangelical (?) Reformed Church—a passage quite characteristic of the thought and style of so-called "liberal Christianity" in our day. Speaking of the resurrection of Christ, M. Colani says: "It is only a question of historical criticism, that only has the right to pronounce upon it, and that, too, should be free to contest

the fact of his resurrection if it can find any other manner in which to explain the sudden and radical revival of his disciples a short time after the death of their master. The experiment of Criticism has nothing in it alarming to the Christian, for it can not be too often repeated that a hundred miracles, more or less, neither add to nor take away a single trait from the person of our Lord. He is our Savior, whether he remained or not in the tomb; that which raises him above us is another thing than a marvelous event happening to his body, it is his spirit, his holiness, his perfect union with God. In a word, if the miracle of the resurrection was necessary in order that the Gospel might find an echo in the timorous spirit of the apostles, and might reach thus even to us, it took place; if it did not take place, it was because it was not necessary. In either case the Gospel remains, since we possess it." (*Révue de Théologie*, Vol. XI, p. 106.) What easy logic, and cool indifference, and accommodating faith! True, the naked letter of the Gospel remains, but they have taken away our Lord and we know not where they have laid him.

"Few themes connected with the great hereafter so deeply concern the heart as the question of personal recognition among the redeemed. Dear ones of earth, bound to our hearts by the most tender ties, have departed from us and gone away into the unknown realm. We have carefully and tearfully laid their bodies in the grave to slumber till the great awakening morning. We shall see them no more in the land of the living. And if we are never to know them in the future state, this separation, sad as may be the thought, is eternal. The hour that carries them down to the grave is the hour of final separation. If there is no personal recognition in heaven, if we shall neither see nor know our friends there, so far as we are concerned they are annihilated, and heaven has no genuine antidote for the soul's agony in the hour of bereavement. By and by we shall go and lie down by the side of those severed from us by death, and sleep with them the long, unbroken slumber of the grave. In the great awakening morning we shall, side by side, come forth. Will there then be no recognition between us? If not, what will they be to us more than those redeemed in other ages and from other climes? All the precious memories of toil and trial, of conflict and victory, of gracious manifestation and of holy joy, shared with them in the time of our pilgrimage, will have perished forever, or be remembered perchance as vague and un-



real fancies. We should thus enter heaven as *strangers*, and such we should remain forever."

Thus the author introduces that most interesting subject, the recognition of our friends in heaven, and proceeds in an able manner to answer the anxious questions of the soul, which on this topic spring from the holiest sympathies of our nature, and presents considerations and arguments in favor of this personal recognition, which, we think, are absolutely conclusive of the subject. Then follow two important chapters on memory in its relation to the future life, and memory and conscience as the ministers of judgment, and as terrible instruments of punishment to the finally condemned.

Heaven, the home of the blessed, the fruition of our toil and the end of our hope, is the closing subject of the book. The author offers us no dream-land, no etherealized nonentity refined into an intangible and inconceivable state, which has nothing in sympathy with our present nature or satisfactory to the hopes and wants of our human hearts. As we have often heard heaven described, we confess we have had but few and feeble heart-yearnings after it, and have felt like clinging to the real, substantial, beautiful earth in which God has placed us; we have dreaded to step out into the vague and unreal spirit-world that has been frequently offered to us by preachers and writers. But heaven as Dr. Clark deduces its description from the Word of God is most inviting, and as we read we feel ourself, like the apostle, "earnestly desiring to depart and be with Christ," and esteem it "far better to be absent from the body that we may be present with the Lord." Here we are taught "that *heaven is real* as earth is real; that it is not a strange land, but one clothed with scenery like our own, only a thousand times more beautiful; that the dwellers there are not strangers, but our kindred and friends, still human—*glorified humanity*." And we catch inspiration from so sublime a view; the gloom of the dark valley disappears, and we feel like singing, as they used to sing before they improved (?) the old hymn,

"O, would he more of heaven bestow,  
And let these vessels break,  
And let our ransomed spirits go  
To grasp the God we seek!"

None will read this chapter on the heavenly state, with all its pleasant and encouraging views carefully discussed and Scripturally sustained, and abounding in passages of sparkling beauty, without having the heart kindled into a fervor of religious devotion.

Thus we have glanced at the contents of this interesting book. We can heartily commend it to both preachers and people. It is written, as we have said, in popular style. It handles all the grave and important questions involved in the subjects of which it treats; it examines philosophical theories and meets philosophical objections, but does it in a style that all can understand, and that is entertaining as well as instructive. It might all be preached to popular congregations from the pulpit, and admirable sermons they would be. The points are illustrated by an astonishing array of facts and incidents; many of the illustrations are drawn from scientific sources, evincing extended research and careful study. It is not a hastily-written work, nor is it destined to be short-lived. With its sound, evangelical, orthodox views on all the momentous questions of the future life, it ought to become the text-book of the Church on this subject. It is timely, and meets a want in our religious literature. No other book extends over the ground covered by this one, and no other in so popular and satisfactory a manner meets and refutes the prevalent materialistic theories of the soul, and repels the dark and forbidding doctrines which are now being taught with regard to its future destiny. It is a work that will not only do excellent service in correcting errors, but it will cheer the hours of affliction, minister consolation to the bereaved and comfort to the dying.

#### SHUT YOUR EYES.

BY LUELLA CLARK.

SHUT your eyes some Summer day  
In a meadow sweet with new-mown hay;  
While on the scented grass you lie,  
Shut your eyes and look at the sky;  
Did ever the great world seem so nigh?  
All things come to you waiting so;  
Close by your side the lilies grow,  
Plain to your hearing the waters flow,  
Never did white clouds stoop so low;  
Soft falls the murmur of mountain pine,  
The wonderful show of shadow and shine  
On the great green hills is plain to your sight;  
The butterflies float in the purple light,  
The bob-o-link swings on the bending grass.  
Swift over your head the swallows pass  
On through the haze to the homestead eaves;  
You feel the faint stir of the heated leaves,  
And all the wide landscape's life and light  
Lives again on your inner sight.  
Shut your eyes in a clear, calm night,  
Banish the moon and stars from sight,  
Banish the earth with its gossip and glare,  
With all its cumber and all its care.

Cleanse your spirit of strife and stain,  
Soothe its restlessness, quiet its pain.  
So, safe in the silence, shut your eyes,  
And lo! a new realm on your vision will rise,  
Fragrances sweet on your senses will glide  
From your soul's Eden over the tide;  
Distinct as you listen there fall on your ears  
Sounds of the morning from higher spheres;  
There are pillars of cloud and a crystal sea,  
The spreading leaves of the life-giving tree  
Drop soft dews of healing, through opal bars  
Streams a luster softer than light of stars;  
Ah, what are the rags of your earthly hope  
When thus the gates of your vision ope?  
O, then, when blinded by earth's cheap glare,  
See how a firmament broad and fair—  
Firmament fairer than earthly skies—  
Curtains your spirit—shut your eyes.  
Shut your eyes when weary with care,  
Weary with seeking the good and the fair,  
Weary of labor without reward,  
Weary of seeking in vain the Lord  
Of life and of light—from your seeking cease,  
Wait, and he cometh who giveth peace.  
Shut your eyes and forget to climb  
Toward your hights in the dim sublime;  
Cease from your fever and your fear,  
All the good of your world is near;  
Rest in the valley green and low,  
All things come to you waiting so.  
Never a word that was spoken for you,  
Never a fact essential and true  
To your own true being but now or then  
It shall surely be yours—what matter when?  
There is not a gift in God's right hand—  
Friendship, or fame, or houses, or land,  
Losses or crosses, penalty, pain,  
Bounty and blessing, grief or gain,  
But it shall come to you where you are—  
Here is your work, and your Master not far.  
Cease from your seeking, shut your eyes,  
And your joy will come like a sweet surprise;  
Cease from your praying, do not call,  
Nothing can miss you, for God knows all;  
All things to cheer you shall bid you hail,  
All yours shall bless you, and never can fail  
A single sweet syllable out of the rhyme,  
One faintest note of the perfect chime  
Of your being's completeness—bide your time.

#### SONG OF THE WIND.

BY H. B. WARDWELL.

AWAY, away o'er the blue, bright sea,  
Where the ships are out on their pathway free,  
With hearts of fire and sails of white,  
And masts that bend to my giant might;  
I will bear them on to the distant land,  
Or cast them, wrecked, on the rocky strand!

Away, away with a joyous sweep  
O'er towering cliff and frowning steep,

O'er hills of beauty and vales of bloom,  
Through verdure that waves o'er the grass-grown tomb;  
I will wake the voice of the mountain pines,  
While the oak's deep tone with the strain combines!

Away, away with the clouds of gold,  
Where the glory of morning is bright unrolled,  
Or the beauty of eve rests on mount and stream,  
And paints the river with crimson gleam;  
Away, away as the still years flee  
With health on my wing and anthem free!

Away, away in the hurricane's might,  
While the forests reel to my fearful flight,  
While the lightnings flash from the thunder's home,  
I will wreath the billows all white with foam;  
I will drown the shriek of the king of the sky,  
While the king of the woods to his covert will fly!

Away, away in the gentle gale,  
I will roam with joy through the sunclad vale,  
I will kiss the brows of the young and fair,  
And lift their tresses of shining hair;  
When the storm has passed with its radiant bow,  
I will glide o'er the landscape of Summer glow!

#### REST.

BY HETTIE BELL.

WHEN weary with toil and with care,  
The head and the heart sore oppressed,  
And pain all the members do share,  
How soothing, how precious is rest!  
Its wand hath true magical skill,  
Which medical arts ne'er attain;  
Its touch often banishes ill,  
And gently disperses each pain.

The spirit hath greater unrest,  
'T is tossed like the troubled main,  
It grasps at earth's toys with a zest,  
And sickens to find them but vain.  
If upward we lift our sad moan,  
And choose for ourselves "the good part,"  
How ravishing then Jesus's tone  
As he breathes rest and peace to the heart!

But still "there remaineth a rest"  
To those whom God calleth his own,  
More precious than aught here possessed,  
E'en unmeasured bliss round the throne.  
Rejoice in the hope, weary saint,  
Whose body hath seldom repose,  
That spirit, oft saddened and faint,  
Shall dwell in a land free from woes.

That God, who by nature bestows  
Sweet sleep at the eve of the day,  
Is ready great peace to disclose  
To those who will trust and obey.  
His yoke is one easy to bear,  
His love makes the burden so light,  
How sad that e'en one should not share  
Such bliss with a future so bright!

## THE JERUSALEM OF TO-DAY.\*

ADAPTED FROM THE ENGLISH CHURCHMAN'S  
MAGAZINE.

M. PIEROTTI has enjoyed opportunities of investigation altogether unprecedented, and yet with all these he scarcely seems to set at rest many of the points in debate respecting the topography of Jerusalem. There are, indeed, some conclusions which we can hardly think will ever be again questioned. The site of the Holy Sepulcher and the identity of the rock under the Mosque of Omar with Solomon's altar of burnt sacrifice, are surely settled forever. So, also, is the fact of the former existence of a deep valley, extending the whole way from the present Damascus gate to the valley on the south of the city. Yet with all the evidence of laborious research which it contains, there is nothing in the whole book which strikes us so forcibly as the extraordinary obstacles which were continually interfering with the desired thoroughness of exploration. Armed, as M. Pierotti was, with official authority, even he was compelled to content himself with brief and stolen visits to the places of interest, to disguise his objects, and to lie in wait months or even years for favorable opportunities. On some points, as, for example, the exact course of the outer northern walls and of the valley which anciently bounded the northern side of Mount Zion, time and further observation are clearly needed to test or to confirm his views. In the mean while we will endeavor to give our readers some idea of the very vivid picture of Jerusalem and its general features, which the careful perusal of M. Pierotti's book has brought once more before our mind.

For the purpose of a general explanation we may describe the position of Jerusalem as follows: There is a high mountainous ridge stretching from north to south through Palestine. Its valleys are deep, sudden, and irregular. On the western side lies the maritime plain which fringes the Mediterranean; on the eastern side is the deep valley through which, in a most winding and irregular course, and with a most remarkably rapid descent, the Jordan rushes. This ridge reaches its greatest height, about 3,000 feet, at the situation of Jerusalem, and the individual hill, or mountain, on which Jerusalem stands resembles a kind of promontory of table land, surrounded on three sides by some of those deep, sudden valleys already

mentioned as frequent in the region. On the fourth or north-west side it is united by land of a high level with the general mountain system of which it forms a part. Thus Jerusalem stands on a kind of tongue-shaped mountain amid mountains. On the east, and south, and west deep valleys cut it off from the neighboring heights, so that the plan of the high ground thus described is a kind of irregular oblong from north to south, connected by an elevated plateau on the north-west with the general table-land of the country.

This tongue or oblong is itself divided by a smaller depression or valley severing it in two also from north to south, and each portion terminates in a sharp, precipitous, rocky, pointed end, so that the tongue-form we have spoken of becomes really a double tongue, or one which is divided by the central valley above named, so as to end in two points. Of these two divisions the western is higher than the eastern; this western portion is the Mount Zion of David, and is the site of the old Jebusite fortress which held out against the Israelites all through the times of the Judges, through all the days of Saul, and till David's capture of it in the eighth year of his reign. The slopes of this hill to the eastward, toward the minor valley which divides it from the eastern hill, were occupied by the town which the children of Judah captured in the early days of their invasion. So much for the present for the western mountain. Eastward from the dividing valley, and exactly opposite to Zion, that is, at the southern end of the tongue of land in question, we have the not less famous mountain of Moriah. Here was the scene of Abraham's sacrifice, here was the thrashing-floor of Araunah, and here subsequently was the Temple of Solomon. Here, also, in later times, at the north-west angle of the temple inclosure, was the fortress Antonia, the "Castle" mentioned in the Acts (xxi, 34, etc.) and in which was the Roman Governor's residence, and the pretorium or hall mentioned in St. Mark xv, 16. Both these famous mountains, Zion and Moriah, are at the southern extremity of the ground-plan of Jerusalem, and they look down upon the deepest portions of the surrounding valleys. Northward from each stretches the remainder of the plateau, and this remainder was in later times built over and included within the city walls, but the Jerusalem of David included only Zion and its eastward slope, and the Jerusalem of Solomon included only Zion and Moriah. These two distinct elevations were, moreover, cut off from the rest of the plateau by an irregular cross

\* Jerusalem Explored. By Ermete Pierotti. 2 vols. folio. Ball & Daldy. London, 1864.

valley running east and west, so that, to recur to our former figure, the double tongue is crossed half-way by a valley running east and west. The city of David and Solomon lies to the south of this valley, while to the north of it lie the subsequent additions which grew up before its final destruction by Titus.

M. Pierotti's experience as an architect enables him to speak with confidence regarding the date and character of the workmanship of successive ages and periods. He considers that the old Jebusite fortress "covered the platform of Zion, which reaches from its southern extremity to the castle still existing on the north, and is bounded on the east by the tomb of David, the Armenian convent, and the English church. This opinion is confirmed by the remains of an old wall, which the Armenians found on building a seminary and rooms for pilgrims, and by the discovery of an ancient pool. Both these appear to be the work of a very early age, and anterior to the introduction of Phœnician art into Jerusalem."

At a subsequent period M. Pierotti made a series of excavations with the view of tracing the line of David's fortifications on the south and east of Zion, and "found the rock hewn vertical, or cut into steps, or else steep and broken; on it fragments of broken masonry still remained, built of large, irregular blocks, fitted together without mortar; in some places other rows of stones joined with greater skill were laid upon these, which in turn supported others rudely rusticated in high relief, with the surface rough. I am inclined to think that the lower rows belong to the period of the Jebusites, the next to that of David, and the upper to a later date. Near the Pool of Siloam the vertical hewn rock is again plainly seen, and also inside the city on the west side of the Tyropean Valley. . . . I believe, therefore, that the wall of David can be traced on the south and west. A careful examination of the western brow of Zion, and the configuration of the ground, show that this wall must have followed its present course."

In the days of Solomon Mount Moriah was added. "David bought the thrashing-floor of Araunah, a rich Jebusite, at which time it was evidently outside Jerusalem; but when Solomon built upon it he joined it to the city of David." (See 1 Kings, ix, 15, xi, 27.) Solomon's wall began on the north-side of David's, and was traced so as to include all Mount Moriah, which it encompassed on the north, east, and south, and then returning a little way up the valley so often spoken of, crossed it, and made a junction with David's fortification of Mount

Zion. The magnitude of the works executed by Solomon in this building of the Temple, and still more in preparing, leveling, and even extending the mountain-top to receive the Temple, is indeed astonishing. The summit of Moriah was hardly of sufficient area for the required purpose. The valley on the east was upward of six hundred feet below the level of the mountain platform. A vast wall was therefore built to the eastward, and the interval between it and the mountain-side was filled in with earth so as to give the requisite extension to the platform above. The details of the Temple buildings are familiar to our readers, and need not detain us here; but there is one point on which M. Pierotti spends much care and space, and which ought not to be unnoticed in any account of his researches and opinions. Beneath the dome of the Mosque of Omar, and occupying nearly the whole space below it, there is a rough, unhewn prominence of native rock, which all Mohammedans treat with peculiar veneration. The Mohammedans regard the Mosque of Omar as the legitimate successor of the Temple of Solomon, and M. Pierotti considers their sites to correspond exactly. In this sacred rock—too sacred to be touched or fashioned by any workmanship of man—M. Pierotti considers that we have the actual thrashing-floor of Araunah, and the unaltered actual altar of burnt-offering in Solomon's Temple.

The steps of his argument are these: 1. He assumes that Solomon was extremely unlikely to have chosen any other spot for his altar than that originally indicated by the prophet Gad. Thus, then, if this prominence of rock be the thrashing-floor of Araunah it must also be the site of the altar of burnt-offering, and *vice versa*. The highest portion is about six feet above the pavement. 2. Next we know that the altar was to be of unhewn stone, so that the bronze altar of Solomon must only have been an ornamental casing for the rock, which must have remained unchanged, so as to form the actual altar. Again, the altar was to be reached by a slope and not by steps. The shape of the present projection of rocks coincides with this condition also, for it has a regular slope on the south side leading up to the higher portion; and this agrees with the Rabbinical tradition that the worshippers used to approach the altar from the south. On the remaining sides the rock is vertical, so that it is clear that when the remaining space was leveled for building purposes there was some object in view in leaving this portion of the rock projecting, and with an approach on one side



only. 3. The altar was a square of twenty cubits, which agrees with the size of the present projection of rock, exclusive of the space left for the inclined ascent. So far well.

But now we come to further questions connected with the sacrifices and sacrificial arrangements connected with the altar. The prodigious number of sacrifices required by the Jewish ritual rendered a corresponding amplitude of drainage absolutely necessary, and also an abundant water supply for washing the victims and cleansing the ground from blood. Let us take these separately. Is there any arrangement for drainage connected with this sacred rock? Here we come upon ground peculiar to M. Pierotti, whose special qualification it is that he has enjoyed opportunities of subterranean exploration such as no Frank before him has obtained. There are two connected caverns below this particular rock, and the point which strikes us as most interesting in M. Pierotti's view is, that these caverns serve equally in identifying the rock with Araunah's thrashing-floor and with Solomon's altar. On the north-east side of the rocky prominence, and at the upper part of it, there is an opening, into a cistern or cavern, and beneath this cavern a second cistern also is found. What can this have to do with the thrashing-floor of Araunah? The answer is that an eastern "thrashing-floor" is something very different from any thing which our western notions would lead us to expect. It is usually a rocky plot of ground, leveled so as to allow of the crops being spread out to the air and the sun ready for the laborers. Within the inclosure, or very near it, are cisterns hewn in the rock, some for water, some for storing the grain. The cisterns for holding water are usually single, those for grain are usually double, having two chambers, one below the other, communicating "by a hole (about four feet wide) in the middle of the floor of the upper, which [that is, the upper chamber] itself opens to the thrashing floor by a sloping passage (about three and a half feet wide.) The lower cavern is deeper and larger than the upper. I have met with very many of these cisterns during my frequent journeys in Palestine, where they are still applied to their ancient uses. They are especially common in those Arab villages which stand upon sites mentioned in the Bible, as at Beth-Shemesh, Ramah, the home of Samuel, at Gibeon, and Beth-Horon, and many other places." The two connected cisterns of the rock in question are sufficient, in M. Pierotti's judgment, to prove the existence of a thrashing-floor at this spot in ancient times.

What is there to mark it as the actual altar of Solomon's Temple? The Levites flayed the victims on the *north* side of the altar. Hence, there must have been a provision for drainage on the *north* side, and what more natural than that these ancient caverns should have been used for the receptacle of the blood? From these and other corroborative circumstances, such as the connection of these and other cisterns with the complicated system of vaults and cisterns, by which the whole Temple area seems to be honeycombed, M. Pierotti concludes that we have here the unaltered site of Solomon's altar, and the actual rock on which David made his great sacrifice on "the thrashing-floor of Araunah, the Jebusite."

We can not follow M. Pierotti through all the details of his long and often-interrupted subterranean explorations. It must suffice to say in general that his researches beneath the surface of the Temple area bring to light a series of arrangements for the supply of water, for carrying off the blood of sacrifices, and for disposing of the ashes of the victims, which corroborate in the most striking manner all that we learn from Scripture and Jewish records of the extraordinary number of sacrifices prescribed in the Jewish law. If any one has felt bewildered by Dr. Colenso's arithmetical puzzles about the sacrifices in the wilderness, we would advise him to study M. Pierotti's account of the cisterns and conduits of Mount Moriah. It requires no small patience, text and plans in hand, to read and master the details which his long researches have doubtless made familiar to himself; but we have felt ourselves amply rewarded for the otherwise tedious pains by the unexpected confirmation of the Scripture account of the Temple sacrifices, which thus comes to light out of these clefts of the rocks.

The detailed account of these two cisterns is as follows: "On entering the northern one—twenty-nine and a half feet deep—I found the floor covered with wet mud to a depth of about one and a half feet. At the first glance I saw an opening on the south side, three feet wide and four and a half feet high, half built up with Arab masonry, and after clearing away some of the stones, earth, and mud that blocked it up, I peeped through it into another cistern in the same direction thirty-two feet deep. These are both very ancient, and are wholly excavated in the rock, and I have no doubt that they belonged to the thrashing-floor of Araunah, the Jebusite." Thus, then, Araunah's cisterns would receive the altar drainage; but how would the cisterns themselves be cleared

of accumulation? M. Pierotti finds also the passages or conduits by which the builders of the Temple carried away the drainage eastward to the boundary of the Temple rock. Not that he could trace them the whole way, but partially, and in the eastward direction, and then following that direction, he finds outside the eastern wall the openings of conduits, which he infers to be the eastern outfalls of those he traced within. And what is also very much to the point, he finds subterranean conduits from known fountains, conveying water into this drainage system so as to "flush the sewer" and carry off the accumulations from the sacrificial altar. "The reader may imagine my joy at this result of my labors, so long denied and so anxiously sought, and the gratitude I felt to God for granting me this boon of ascertaining the position of the altar of burnt-offerings, and the cistern and conduits for blood belonging to the ancient Temple—an ample recompense for all my toil."

Closely connected with this subject of Solomon's enlargement of the city of David by the addition and fortification of Mount Moriah, is the subject of the aqueducts. The nature of the sites, equally of Zion and of Moriah, makes it evident that their water supply must necessarily have been artificial; and the immense demand for water, both for the numerous dwellers on Mount Moriah and for the purposes of the sanctuary, is equally manifest. Moreover, as a place of defense, in a land of little rain, an adequate water supply within the control of the inhabitants was a prime requisite. Accordingly, next to the Temple itself, the most astonishing works of antiquity connected with Jerusalem are its aqueducts, its reservoirs, and its conduits. It is not a little surprising that, while the works themselves are of so great size and importance, we are almost altogether destitute of historical notices of their construction and formation, and are left in great measure to circumstantial and internal evidence with respect to their date and history. We are compelled to ascribe to them an antiquity at least equal to that of the Temple, because without them the Temple itself would have been useless. But whether Solomon was the original designer and builder of the whole system, or whether he did but extend, and perfect, and complete another series of aqueducts, is a question which, at present, we have no data to determine.

Jerusalem was, in the main, dependent for its water supply upon the pools at Etham, a place two hours and a half distant, in a southerly direction, with a slight inclination to the

west, sixty stadia, or about seven miles off. Here again we come upon the traces of the magnificent Solomon. At Etham, not far from Bethlehem, was his Summer palace, and we can not help feeling that to him is due the magnificent works which connect this distant valley with his mountain temple on Moriah. Here, then, in this Etham valley, which slopes rapidly from west to east, are yet three connected reservoirs, fed partly by the rain water which drains into them from the mountain-sides, and partly by a very copious spring. This fountain M. Pierotti carefully examined. It is now called the "Fons Signatus" by the Christians, because of its proximity to Solomon's Summer residence, and in allusion to his expression in the Canticles (iv, 2): "A garden inclosed is my sister, my spouse, a *spring shut up, a fountain sealed*," which may possibly be connected with this very fountain. On descending into the cistern which contains it, M. Pierotti found "the lower part of the walls formed of the great blocks characteristic of the era of Solomon." Visiting this fountain "at the various seasons of the year," he "found the fountain flowing most copiously in Winter, but there is no deficiency in Summer, so that if the reservoir and conduits were properly kept up Jerusalem would never be in want of spring water, and the health and comfort of its inhabitants would be improved by the decrease of fevers and the increase of cleanliness." In the walls of the three large reservoirs above mentioned, "and especially in their lower parts, very ancient Jewish work is seen, which may be assigned to the reign of Solomon; not the slightest trace of mortar is visible, and where the wall has been wantonly injured, pieces of iron appear with the holes in the stones for clamps." Besides this fountain two others, one in the neighborhood of Hebron, contribute their waters to this great conduit, which conveys the water a distance of seven miles and a half from the valley of Etham to Jerusalem, arriving there on the western side opposite to Zion. Here it divides into two portions, the one for the supply of the city of David, the other a magnificent work, which doubles round the southern projection of Zion, ascends the valley between Zion and Moriah, and finally, entering the Temple area, supplies the prodigious number of cisterns which are excavated beneath its surface. "The whole course of this aqueduct still remains, and we can observe that a large portion of it is hewn in the rock and covered up with large slabs, while in other parts it is formed of earthenware pipes, eight inches in diameter, which are skillfully laid with strong

cement between stones cut in a proper shape, and protected above with solid masonry." All this M. Pierotti ascribes to Solomon, and he quotes the Talmud as stating that the aqueduct which supplied Moriah delivered its waters at the "Brazen Sea," and started from a spring twenty-three cubits above the level of the Temple pavement. This altitude he observes to agree exactly with the elevation of the springs at Etham. Besides this there was an aqueduct supplying Mount Zion with water from a pool called the "Upper Pool" in the hills on the western side of the city. This pool is so frequently mentioned by this title in the Old Testament that we must not omit to mention it. It was a pool or reservoir just opposite to Mount Zion, and the aqueduct in question was most probably the work of Hezekiah about the time of the siege of Sennacherib. It was constructed with the view of draining away the waters of the pool, so as both to add to the supply of the city and reduce the supply of the besiegers. (See 2 Chronicles xxxii, 3-5, 30.) All this serves to explain the otherwise remarkable fact, that while in every siege of Jerusalem the besiegers suffered extremely from the want of water, the defenders were always amply supplied from the distant springs of Etham and Hebron and their neighborhood.

From the ancient city of Solomon we must now pass on to the Jerusalem of the days of Herod, of Pontius Pilate, and of the crucifixion of our Lord. In spite of all its vicissitudes the changes in its general outline are soon stated. The chief alterations since the old days of Solomon and Hezekiah consist in the occupation of the hill—Bezetha—north of Moriah as a part of the city, and in the second wall, originally constructed by Hezekiah before the siege of Sennacherib, from the north-west of Zion to the north-west of Moriah. At the time of our Lord, then, according to M. Pierotti, the city, roughly speaking, occupied three parts of the total oblong area which we have endeavored to describe—that is, Mount Zion and Mount Moriah on the south and Bezetha or the "new city" on the north-east. The north-western corner, that north of Zion and outside the second wall—that, namely, of Hezekiah's building—was still unclosed by walls in the days of our Lord. Here, according to M. Pierotti, were gardens, here was Calvary, here the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea, and here consequently the scene of the crucifixion and the resurrection of Christ. It is to be observed that here is the traditional site of the Holy Sepulcher, and here the church which was built by the Empress Helena to commem-

orate the event of the resurrection. M. Pierotti defends at great length and with much care the ancient opinion as to the scene of the resurrection. The traditional Via Dolorosa he utterly rejects; but, as he argues the genuineness of the traditional site of the Holy Sepulcher with all his might, we think it only fair to give his opinions and their grounds at some length.

The arrest of our Lord of course took place in the garden of Gethsemane, on the eastern side of the city. The several trials before the Sanhedrim, the Roman Governor, and before Herod, would all be held in the immediate vicinity of the sanctuary. That before the Sanhedrim in a building probably on the site of the present court of Justice close to the Temple; that before Pilate in the castle of Antonia at the north-east angle of Mount Moriah, and within the Temple area; that before Herod at his palace hard by in the new town on Bezetha, just to the north of Antonia. Now, to bear out M. Pierotti's view of the position of Calvary and the tomb, it must be remembered—as stated above—that the north-western portion of the plateau, which the Jerusalem of later times has occupied, was still unclosed. Two walls only defended it on this side as yet. The third was built by Herod Agrippa, and as his accession does not date before A. D. 42, this portion of the city was as yet open. From the north-west corner of Moriah, where, in the castle of Antonia, the final sentence was given, it would be but a moderate distance to the present site of the Church of the Resurrection; and if M. Pierotti has traced the second wall correctly, as we think in the main he has, the distance of the traditional sepulcher is sufficient to comply with the legal requirement that all tombs should be at least fifty cubits from the outside of the wall. Now, the place of our Savior's passion, though outside of the city, is distinctly recorded to have been near to it. "This title then read many of the Jews, for the place where Jesus was crucified was nigh to the city." (St. John xix, 20.) Moreover, it is probable that it would not be much beyond the required "distance, as the enraged populace would be likely to place the cross where those in the city could glut their eyes with the spectacle." Now, the traditional position of the sepulcher agrees with all this, and M. Pierotti is at a loss to understand how the tradition itself should be regarded as untrustworthy unless it obviously disagrees with manifest probability. *First.* The true sepulcher could not be forgotten during the interval between the resurrection and the destruction of the city

by Titus. *Next.* The sepulcher was not like a building which would be destroyed, but was an excavation in the living rock, and therefore would be most probably unaltered by the general destruction of the edifices of Jerusalem which accompanied and followed the Roman capture. *Thirdly.* The Christian residents in Jerusalem did not perish in the siege. Had it been so there might have been some doubt as to the correctness of the original source of the testimony to the site. But the Christians escaped the general wreck. They retired to Pella before the siege began, carrying with them their knowledge of the sites connected with their religion; and since there was an unbroken succession of bishops of the Holy City from the days of James to those of Constantine, it is difficult to understand how or when a wrong site should have come to be accepted in lieu of the true one. It may be said that Titus forbade the rebuilding of Jerusalem or the inhabiting of its area. But, though this was carried out so far as regarded the reconstruction of a "city" and defenses, it was not carried out so as to exclude all dwellers from its site. This is certain, for when it was rebuilt by Hadrian, there were many inhabitants whom he drove away to make room for his Roman colony. Thus, then, coupling these facts with the unbroken succession of bishops to the time of Hadrian, we can hardly understand how there should not have been a continuous succession of Christian residents, the descendants of the Pella refugees, who would preserve the memory of a spot so sacred as that of the tomb of Christ. In a word, it is far easier to believe than to reject the ancient tradition. It is altogether different with the street of the Via Dolorosa, for why should a Roman emperor rebuild a street exactly on the course of one destroyed seventy years before?

For these reasons M. Pierotti considers it antecedently probable that the tradition of the Holy Sepulcher would be faithfully preserved, and he regards it as incumbered by no inherent improbability. Moreover, the very form and structure of the tomb agree with the customary arrangements of tombs of that age and date. It has "two chambers; the eastern is called the Chapel of the Angel, the western is the actual tomb in which our Lord's body was laid. . . . The upper part of the walls of the tomb is masonry, but the lower is formed by the native rock. I have been able to ascertain this for myself at two points, one at the small entrance door, which is entirely hewn in the rock, and the other . . . where I was

able to see the rock at a height of four feet above the ground. . . . It seems, then, impossible to deny that the tomb of Christ still exists upon its traditionary site, and that in all respects it resembles one of those sepulchral chambers hewn in the rock which can be seen at the present day in the neighborhood of Jerusalem, in which the corpse is extended upon a shelf under an arched niche, excavated in one of the side walls in the tomb some little distance above the ground. . . . A strong proof . . . is afforded by the shape of the entrance, which has every appearance of the doorway of a sepulchral chamber, and closely corresponds with that leading to the tombs of the kings, which was closed with a large elliptical stone, still to be seen on the spot."

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#### THE SLEEP OF INNOCENCE.

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Two little forms unrobed at night  
In smiling beauty lay,  
Two little heads where haloed light  
And rosy dimples play;  
Like coral gems in ocean deep,  
My Walter and his playmate sleep.

Two little pairs of sparkling eyes  
Of pure and tender blue,  
Are closed like Summer evening skies  
With clouds of sober hue;  
There angels will their watches keep  
While Walter and his playmate sleep.

Two little cheeks, vermilion dyed,  
Like roses wet with dew,  
Where little griefs the tearful tide  
Hath often rolled anew,  
Lay softly in their pillows prest,  
Where Walter and his playmate rest.

Two little pairs of coral lips  
Where smiles of beauty play,  
And falsehood yet hath made no slips  
To lead the soul astray,  
In unison are breathing deep,  
Where Walter and his playmate sleep.

Four little hands all tired of play  
Are drooped in careless grace,  
Four little feet that ran all day,  
All weary with their chase,  
Are quiet now in slumbers deep,  
Where Walter and his playmate sleep.

O, ever thus till life shall close,  
With all its rankling care,  
We fain would seek thy blest repose  
And find a refuge there  
Within that heaven where angels meet  
With Walter and his playmate sweet.



## THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

### Scriptural Basis.

THE FATHER'S LOVE AND THE CHRISTIAN'S PRIVILEGE.—*"Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God! therefore the world knoweth us not, because it knew him not. Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is. And every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as he is pure."*

1 John iii, 1-3.

In the last verse of the preceding chapter the apostle determines the character of the Christian, and the relation of such to God. God is righteous, and so necessarily are they that are his. Righteousness is the characteristic of God's people. But this is not human righteousness—not self-righteousness, but a righteousness begotten of God, secured through the Gospel, and inwrought in the soul by the Divine Spirit. Hence the apostle frames an important proposition, from which is inferred a momentous fact in Christian experience: "We know that He is righteous, and all that are his must be righteous; but this righteousness is divine and cometh from God; therefore, he that doeth righteousness is born of him." If born of God, then we must in a significant sense be the children of God. "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us," etc.

The words suggest four important topics:

I. THE WONDERFUL LOVE OF GOD.

II. THE PREROGATIVE OF HIS PEOPLE.

III. THE HOPE OF HIS CHILDREN.

IV. THE INFLUENCE OF THIS HOPE.

I. THE WONDERFUL LOVE OF GOD.

1. The foundation of the whole scheme of the Gospel is the Divine love. "Hereby perceive we the love of God, because he laid down his life for us." "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son," etc. "God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." "God is love."

2. We should carefully note the love of the Father toward us. In commending the love of Christ we too often overlook the love of the Father, and, indeed, sometimes misrepresent his character and his relation to the scheme of human redemption, as if the love of the Father had to be inspired and purchased for us by the death of the Son. Not so in the Scriptures. There we read, "God is love;" "God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son;" "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us." Sufficient is the proof of the wonderful love of the Redeemer; but the unspeakable gift of Christ, the only-begotten

Son, is an infinite and immeasurable proof also of the Father's love.

3. The text directs our attention to a special manifestation of the Divine love—the love of the Father as manifested in the honorable character and glorious relation conferred on his fallen creatures. It would have been an exhibition of Divine forbearance at which angels would have wondered, if God had simply passed by the offending race of sinners and left them to work out their own destiny and to receive in themselves the recompense of their own doing. It would have been a still more astonishing display of the mercy of God if he had simply pardoned their transgressions, and according to the hope of the returning prodigal, had received them as hired servants. But how sublimely do we see the love and mercy of God rising before us as he forgives the rebel, cleanses him from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, reinstates him in his favor, constitutes him his own child, a partaker of his own nature, and an heir to his own glorious possessions. Well might Zwingle exclaim in a transport of devotion, "O God most merciful, most righteous, Father of all mercies! with what marvelous love hast thou embraced us—even us thy enemies! How great, and how full is the hope thou hast imparted to us, who merited no other portion than despair! To what a height of glory hast thou vouchsafed, in thy beloved Son, to exalt our meanness and nothingness! Surely it is thy purpose by this unspeakable love, to constrain us to love thee in return."

II. THE GLORIOUS PREROGATIVE SECURED TO HIS PEOPLE. "That we should be called the sons of God." This is the wonderful privilege of God's people secured by his love through the Gospel.

1. *True Christians are the children of God.* "Beloved, now are we the sons of God." They are so—

(1.) *By the spirit and design of the Gospel scheme.* The Gospel contemplates this result, and arranges its provisions with the view of securing it. It was involved in the Divine love, the great depth of the Divine nature out of which sprung salvation. "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us." It was involved in the eternal purpose of salvation. "For whom he did foreknow, he also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of his Son, that he might be the first-born among many brethren." It is found among the first blessings of the incarnate Savior—"to as many as received him, gave he power to become the sons of God." It is secured by the first offices of the Divine Spirit—"for as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God."

(2.) *They are the children of God by adoption.* "Now

are we the sons of God." "But when the fullness of the time was come, God sent forth his Son, made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons; and because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father."

(3.) *They are the children of God by a new birth.* "Except a man be born again, he can not enter the kingdom of God;" "To as many as received him, gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name; which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God;" "Every one that doeth righteousness is born of God." Hence by this spiritual, this divine begetting, we become the sons of God.

Of this sonship we remark further:

1. *That it is real*—it is not a figure of speech—it is a positive adoption, an actual begetting again into the family of God—an adoption which involves in it all that pertains to actual sonship. So the apostle: "Wherefore thou art no more a servant, but a son; and if a son, then an heir of God through Christ." And again: "We are the children of God; and if children then heirs; heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ."

2. *It is a conscious sonship*—a relationship to God of which the genuine Christian is assured—first, by the positive declarations of the Divine Word; and, secondly, by the assurance wrought in his own heart by the Spirit of God. "The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirits, that we are the children of God."

III. *THE HOPE OF GOD'S CHILDREN.* "What we shall be doth not yet appear; but we know that when he shall appear we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is."

1. *The future glory is but partially revealed.* "Now we see through a glass," though a dim medium, "darkly," in an enigma, "but then face to face. Now we know in part, but then shall we" thoroughly "know, even as also we are" thoroughly "known."

2. *The relation of our hope to Christian adoption.* "Now are we the sons of God;" "if sons, then heirs, heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ." The hope of the Christian embraces the fullness of the inheritance of Christ. "Joint-heirs with Christ."

3. *The relation of our hope to Christ.* (1.) Our hope waits for its full fruition till the coming of Christ—"when he shall appear." (2.) Our hope has for its substance our personal conformity to Him, and the vision of his glory—"we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is," and "he shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body." Likeness to Christ, redemption from all sin, being made pure as he is pure, and dwelling forever with him, constitute the essential feature of the Christian's hope.

IV. *THE INFLUENCE OF THIS HOPE ON THE CHRISTIAN'S LIFE.* "He that hath this hope in him, purifieth himself."

1. The highest hope of the Christian is assimilation to the spotless likeness of Christ, and the vision of his glory. He hopes for the glorious appearing of Christ, and his confidence rests on him for final redemption and complete salvation from all sin.

2. What result would so naturally flow from this hope of final purity as that of present purification, and present efforts toward reaching as full a preparation as possible for this final transformation into the image of Christ? A pure life—a life constantly advancing in its approximation toward the character of Christ, is the result of the Christian's hope. He who really has this hope in Christ, places Christ before him in the beauty and perfection of his moral character, and constantly labors to conform himself, and constantly implores the Divine Spirit to conform him to this glorious model.

Let us now retrospect these great truths, beginning at the last:

1. The true Christian is one who is animated by the hope of final purity from all sin and assimilation to Christ, and who uses all diligence "to cleanse himself from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of the Lord."

2. The hope of the true Christian centers in Christ, and springs from the consciousness that he has passed from death unto life—has been adopted into the family of God—has been born again of the Spirit, and constituted a child of God, and an heir of eternal life.

3. The true adoption or sonship of the Christian is a relationship to God, succeeded by the merciful forgiveness of his sins through Christ Jesus, the renewal of his heart in righteousness and true holiness, and conferred upon him through the wonderful love of God.

4. The amazing love of God, overwhelming in its nature and magnitude, is the foundation of all Christian hope, the source of all blessings, and the fountain from which have flowed out all the provisions of the Gospel.

Let us adore his infinite love, let us seek to become his children, let us lay hold upon the glorious hope set before us, and let us purify ourselves even as he is pure; that when he shall appear we shall be like him, and shall see him as he is. W.

THE DECISIVE TEST.—A speaker at the English May anniversaries put very strongly what is, after all, one of the best arguments, if not the very chiefest, in support of the truth of Scripture. He said: "At this day the great question is not whether this body or that body can nibble a little at some point of criticism; the question is, Is the Gospel, or is it not, the power of God unto salvation? Is that holy Book God's instrument for saving my soul? As James Wright said to my friend, Abekonta: 'Do you know that the people of England are saying the Bible is not true?' 'Nay, massa.' 'Yes, they say so.' 'Well, how can they say that? how can the Bible be lie? I go alone into my own house, where there is no one, and I read the Bible, and he make my heart laugh; how can a lie do that? You know that before I knew the Bible I loved murder, I loved steal; but now I do not love steal, I do not love murder.' There is the great distinction; can the Bible make my heart sing—can it give me a joy that passeth all understanding—can it, as God's instrument, save me from sin, and save other men? That is a matter not to be decided among the critics; it is decided in the world where men do not write history, but where they make it." "If any man will do his will he shall know of the doctrine."

## Inquiries and Replies.

**ALGEBRAIC SOLUTION.**—My solution of the algebraic example given in your September Repository is as follows:

The equations obviously deducible are

$$(x^3 + y^3)(x + y) = 203 \quad (1)$$

$$xy = 10 \quad (2)$$

the first of which, by expanding, becomes

$$x^3 + x^2y + xy^2 + y^3 = 203 \quad (3)$$

Multiply both members of (2) by 2 ( $x + y$ )

$$2x^2y + 2xy^2 = 20(x + y) \quad (4)$$

Adding (3) and (4)

$$x^3 + 3x^2y + 3xy^2 + y^3 = 20(x + y) + 203$$

or

$$(x + y)^3 - 20(x + y) = 203 \quad (5)$$

For the sake of convenience put  $z = (x + y)$  and eq. (5) becomes

$$z^3 - 20z = 203 \quad (6)$$

The value of  $x$  can readily be obtained from this equation by *Cardan's method*, but a more popular solution is the following:

Since  $20 = 49 - 29$ , write eq. 6

$$z^3 + 29z - 49z = 203 \quad (7)$$

Transpose and multiply through

by  $z$ ,

$$z^4 + 29z^2 = 49z^2 + 203z \quad (8)$$

Add to both sides  $(\frac{29}{2})^2$  to complete the square

$$z^4 + 29z^2 + (\frac{29}{2})^2 = 49z^2 + 203z + (\frac{29}{2})^2$$

Extract square root of both members

$$z^2 + \frac{29}{2} = 7z + \frac{29}{2}$$

Cancel like terms and divide by  $z$

$$z = 7$$

But  $z = (x + y)$  therefore

$$x + y = 7 \quad (9)$$

but (2)

$$xy = 10$$

Square (9)

$$x^2 + 2xy + y^2 = 49 \quad (10)$$

Multiply (2) by 4

$$4xy = 40 \quad (11)$$

Subtract (11) from 10

$$x^2 - 2xy + y^2 = 9 \quad (12)$$

Extract square root

$$x - y = 3 \quad (13)$$

But (9)

$$x + y = 7 \quad (14)$$

Add (13) and (14) and divide by 2

$$x = 5$$

Subtract (13) from (14) and divide by 2

$$y = 2$$

J. A. L.

Essentially the same solution has been furnished by F. S. C., and also by J. A. Mc., and S. R. M.

**ANOTHER ALGEBRAIC QUESTION.**—What two numbers are those whose product is 8, and the sum of whose sixth powers is to the sixth power of their sum as 65 to 729?

S.

**ANOTHER QUESTION OF AUTHORSHIP.**—Will you be so kind as to give place in your "Note and Query" department the following? Who is the author of that exquisite poem:

"Come to the festal board," etc.?

It is generally credited to that mythical author, "Anonymous."

J. D. M.

**QUERY.**—"THE LAST DITCH."—During the 17th century Charles II, King of England, entered into a secret treaty with Louis XIV, of France, in which he agreed

not only to cooperate with the French King in the reduction of the Low Countries and the destruction of Holland, but to aim at the establishment of the Roman Catholic religion in England, and was publicly to declare himself a convert to that religion.

After a short career of invasion, in which they had scattered consternation every-where, and were threatening a speedy and universal conquest, William, Prince of Orange, succeeded in arousing the Dutch to resistance. Finding this new "spirit" in the Dutch, the confederate kings at once strove to corrupt the Prince of Orange. But all their proposals were indignantly rejected. "And when asked in a haughty tone, if he did not see that his country was already ruined, he firmly replied—according to Russell's *Modern Europe*—'There is one way by which I can be certain never to see the ruin of my country; and that is, to die in disputing the last ditch.'"

Now query, is "the last ditch," which the rebels are in quest of, a quotation from the above, or is it original with the rebels; or if neither, where did it come from?

J. P. S.

**QUESTION OF AUTHORSHIP.**—Can any reader of the Notes and Queries favor me with the omitted line and stanza—or stanzas—of the following quaint poem, and give me the author's name?

"There's a demon in music whatever its tone,  
And he dwells in the crowd of sweet voices—alone;  
He moans when they laugh, and he laughs when they moan.

This demon of music hath some way been crossed,  
Or he mourns for what is not, or was and is lost.

O demon of music! I pity your pain,  
I have felt it myself and shall feel it again;  
'T is the riddle of living, this living in vain."

E. J.

**QUERY.**—What is the meaning of the expression in the Battle Hymn of the Republic, "In the beauty of the lilies?" The whole stanza reads:

"In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,  
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;  
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,  
While God is marching on."

L.

**QUERY.**—What is the allusion in the expression, "Punisher of plush breeches," occurring in Bishop Thomson's *Letters from Europe*, page 213? They occur in the beautiful apostrophe to John Calvin.

L.

**OUGH.**—The contradictions of pronunciation in the termination "ough" are amusingly displayed in the following lines:

"Wife, make me some dumplings of dough,  
They're better than meat for my cough;  
Pray let them be boiled till hot through,  
But not till they're heavy or tough.  
Now, I must be off to the plough,  
And the boys—when they've had enough—  
Must keep the flies off with a bough,  
While the old mare drinks at the trough."

## Birdsward for Children.

### SETH, THE DRUNKARD'S BOY.

BY MRS. N. M'CONAUGHY.

"GEORGE, I saw your old spotted cow down in the woods this afternoon, so I drove her up and shut her into that farthest pasture. I guess you'll find her there. The fence is so high I thought she could n't jump over very well."

"Much obliged to you, Seth; it will save me a long hunt. Come over and see how my watermelons come on to-night, if you can; we shall have some ripe in a week, I think."

"Well, I will come if I can," said the ragged boy as he went whistling on toward his still more ragged home.

"It seems to me people take a great deal of pains to accommodate you, George," said his companion, Lewis. "They never put themselves out of the way to oblige me, I am sure. I think the boys in our school are about as selfish as they can be, and Seth Carver is the last boy of all boys I should ever look to for a favor."

And he was not exactly the one a person would call on to do a kindness if there were plenty of other boys about. He belonged to the most miserable family in the village, and was in more mischief than any ten common boys. In fact, no body ever expected any good of him, unless George Aiken did. Perhaps the bad word he had from every body helped to make him worse. In fact, that very afternoon when he found the old cow he was rambling off in the woods after blackberries instead of going to school.

"Seth is not all bad, Lewis, as I have had cause to know. I believe it makes him worse to have the boys treat him so and call him names. I only wonder he ever comes to school a day. I do n't suppose he would if it was not for the teacher's kindness."

"Well, I think you were silly to invite him over to see your watermelons. He is the last boy I should wish to know how mine came on. You'll find he will help himself to them pretty freely."

"I mean to help him myself, so he will have no temptation. I shall have a tun of them, so I can well afford to spare him what he would like to eat."

"Well, you are odd," said Lewis, half provoked. "He will get enough by stealing—as many as are for his good, I dare say. I would never give him a slice. I have always believed it was he who ruined my patch last year. He not only eat the ripe ones, but cut up the green ones so no body else should have any. If we could only have proved it I would have sent him to jail in a minute. Such selfishness!"

Lewis's idea of selfishness was much like that of the big brother, who, when dividing some fruit with his little sister, exhorted her, "Do n't be selfish, give me all." He had never reflected that "the earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof," and that it was his duty to impart of his abundance to the needy. But it

did not change the fact any, because he was unwilling to admit it.

Now, why do you suppose that Seth was ready to do a favor for George Aiken. It was because George was always willing to do one for him, and had done a great many. It often takes only one kind action to open the way into a very hard heart.

It had only been a few months since Seth's family moved from a distant part of the town to the tumble-down cabin they now inhabited. Every body thought it was because his father wished to get near the tavern. He was getting so far on the "destruction railway" he could not manage to walk home after his carousals. He had slept off "the spell" in the wet meadows more than once, but when he came to himself one morning and found he had made his bed in the gutter beside the iron track, he shuddered when he thought what an escape he had. Many a drunkard before him had laid himself down to sleep on the very rails and woke up in eternity. Perhaps his turn would come next, so he made all haste to remove to the village.

Do you belong to the cold-water army? If not you may be on the highway that leads you down to just such wretchedness. I would join that army as quick as I could. They are all volunteers; no body is ever drafted into it.

The first time George saw Seth was on the playground standing under an old oak apart from the other boys looking very surly. The teacher, who was full of good works and alms-deeds had searched him out and brought him in. But it seemed a question whether she would keep him or not.

"George, be sure and speak kindly to that new boy, and make him like the school if you can," said the teacher before the school opened. "You can do him good if any body," she added with a bright smile. George felt it was a pleasant thing to have his teacher's good opinion. An idle, mischievous lad never can.

"Will you take an apple?" said George to the new boy as he sauntered out to the spot where he stood. He was paring another very tempting one with his jack-knife. Now, Seth's stealings were confined chiefly to such times as the fruit was out of doors, and he had not tasted an apple for many a day, so you may be sure he was glad to get such a fine, large pippin. He did not accept it very graciously, though. He had never been taught any little forms of politeness as you have, and if they are not learned in childhood they will never come very easy in later years. Still, from the time of that short recess-conversation and that little act of kindness, Seth felt that George was disposed to be a friend to him. And there was something in George's air and manner that told Seth as plain as words that he must be a friend on George's own terms. He must come up to the higher platform; he could not drag the other down to his level.

It is worth a great deal to a boy to have a friend he can look up to; some one he is to aspire to be like.



The boys respected George, and would follow his lead any where. What a blessing to any school to have a noble boy-leader! Some kind they will have, but too often it is a rude, coarse lad, who rules because he has the strongest arm, and so can make himself a petty tyrant over lesser boys—a most despicable distinction, which is sure to result in contempt and aversion when the boys become men. Many an ill turn the boy-tyrant meets with in a later life, many a cold shoulder and contemptuous glance from those who were once victims of his ill-treatment. Never imagine you can efface your boyhood from the memories of your companions. It is stamped on the mind as indelibly as the pictures of the old home-scenes—the wood, and vale, and winding stream. You may forget a great many persons and scenes that have come between, but these you never can forget.

The boys forbore to tease Seth out of regard to George. They saw he was taken under his particular wing, so they would not interfere with any good he might try to do him. Of course no body could make them like him, so they mostly let him alone decidedly. Many a lesson George helped him on with out of school hours, and, restless as his untamed mind was, he did make a little progress.

"Mother, I wish we could fix Seth up a little. I know he feels ashamed of that ragged jacket and those old pants. Could n't you fix over something of mine for him? I would willingly give him my every-day clothes and wear my Sunday suit every day if you say so," he added with a merry glance in his hazel eyes.

"What a self-sacrificing boy," said mother. "Well, we will see what can be done for poor Seth, for, as Peggy says, he is 'an object to see.' If he will really try to behave we will do every thing we can to help him."

"He does behave as hard as he can in some things, mother," said George earnestly. "He drove 'old Spot' up from the woods for me this afternoon and let down the fence to turn her into the 'further pasture,' and put it all up again as snug as could be. I should like to give him some of our early vegetables to-night, mother, if you would be willing. We have so many and they live so wretchedly. His mother does n't drink, though she does look so dreadfully. He has a little sister too, who often goes hungry, I dare say."

"A poor, broken-hearted woman his mother must be I do not doubt," said George's mother. "My son, we will do all we can to make them more comfortable. I am glad you called my attention to it. I do not suppose we can do much for the father, but we will do all we can for the children."

From that day the poor drunkard's family had a friend, and a good, warm-hearted one, in Mrs. Aikin. Many a comfort found its way to their poor dwelling, and little Phoebe sometimes crept out from the dark shadow of her own home into the bright sunshine of her kind neighbor's beautiful dwelling.

Well, after a time the poor old man died, a dreadful, dreadful death, as the drunkard always must. It was a terrible thing for him, it is true, but a blessing to every one else that was associated with him. Is it not very sad to think of people's death being a blessing to others? What a dreadful life they must have led! Seth's father might have lived on for a score of

years, respected and happy, an industrious laboring-man, if he had only let strong drink alone. "The wicked shall not live out half his days," especially those that indulge in this sin of intemperance. O, shun the first approaches to this downward path!

After this George redoubled his efforts for Seth's improvement. And first of all he got him to go to the Sunday school, and it was the very best step he could have taken to improve even his worldly condition. "Godliness is profitable for all things, having the promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come."

After Seth became a regular attendant at the Sabbath school it was not half so difficult to prevail on him to go to church, and Mrs. Aikin did not rest till she had also persuaded his mother to come. Her poor, way-worn, weary heart found a rest and peace in God's house it had not known for many a long year. It was no matter of surprise to others when the cottage began to assume a better look. A pound of nails worked wonders on the old tumble-down fence, and a peck of lime gave an entirely new face to the little house and its surroundings. There is hardly any place so bad but it can be improved. The tangled door-yard was cleared up and raked out till it looked orderly. A rank, straggling vine, too, which had managed to live on and thrive beside the house was trimmed and lashed against the old weather-boards, giving an air of taste and neatness to the whole door-way. What seeming trifles give an expression to the whole appearance of a house, both in doors and out!

George importuned his father occasionally to see if he could not do something to help poor Seth along in the world, but he had his hands so full of business it was often forgotten, and would have been entirely if the persevering boy had not brought it to his mind at times. Finding he had a very good "knack" at cutting, and shaping, and tinkering in wood generally, he succeeded in getting him a place with a cabinet-maker, where, after fighting manfully a stout battle with his old restless, roving spirit, he finally set to work with a will and became a skillful workman. Among the very first things he made after he had learned the business was the nicest little doll's bureau you ever saw perhaps, which he gave to George for his little sister Amy's birthday present. O, how it made her blue eyes sparkle with pleasure, and how earnest the little heart was in her praise of "dood Seff!" He was more than paid for his trouble when he saw the delight it gave her.

He always looked upon George as one of his first and best friends, and would always do any thing in his power to oblige him. He felt it was his friendly hand reached out to him in those early, miserable days that enabled him to take his first step toward a higher, better life.

And was not the noble result worth the little trouble and effort required on George's part? If you would call down blessings on your own head all through the journey of life let your hand be ever ready to do good to the poor and needy. If you wish to benefit the degraded, begin first to improve the soul. Lead them to the house of God and the Sabbath school. Any merely worldly improvement will only be for the moment.

## Herald's Blessings.

**THE LOVE OF HOME.**—The following noble sentiments were uttered by Daniel Webster. They are indeed pearls of the rarest value. We place them here in order that mothers may see them and read them to their children:

It is only shallow-minded pretenders who make either distinguished origin a matter of personal merit, or obscure origin a matter of personal reproach. A true man is not ashamed of his early condition. It did happen to me to be born in a log-cabin, raised among the snow-drifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early that when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney and curled over the frozen hills, there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the rivers of Canada. Its remains still exist. I make it an annual visit. I carry my children to it, to teach them the hardships endured by the generation before me. I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the kindred ties, the early affections and the narration of incidents which mingle with all I know of this primitive family abode. I weep to think that none of those who inhabited it are now among the living; and if ever I fail in affectionate veneration for him who raised it, and defended it against savage violence and destruction, cherished all domestic comforts beneath its roof, and through the fire and blood of seven years' revolutionary war, shrunk from no toil, no sacrifice to serve his country, and to raise his children to a condition better than his own, may my name and the name of my posterity be blotted from the memory of mankind!

**CHRIST OUR DELIVERER.**—What a glorious inventory of blessings derived through and from Christ is given to us in the following beautiful paragraph from Bishop Hall! There seems to be a peculiar richness, depth, and simplicity in the piety and the writings of these saints of the olden time that we fail to reach in our own day:

Stand still now awhile, beloved, and look back with wondering and thankful eyes upon the infinite mercy of our Deliverer. Sin beguiles us, conscience accuseth us, God's wrath is bent against us, Satan tyrannizes over us, the law condemns us, insolent superstition intrahs us, and now, from all these, Christ hath made us free. How should we now erect altars to our dear Redeemer, and ascribe them "to Christ our deliverer!" How should we, from the altar of our devoted hearts, send up the holy sacrifices of our best obediences, the sweet incense of our perpetual prayers! O, blessed Savior, how should we, how can we enough magnify thee! No, not though those celestial choristers of thine should return to bear a part with us in renewing their "glory to God on high." Our bodies, our souls are too little for thee. O take thine own from us, and give it to thyself, who hast both made and freed it! To sum up all, then, we are freed from the bondage of sin by the Spirit of Christ; from an accusing conscience by the blood of Christ; from the wrath of God by faith in Christ; from the tyranny of Satan by the victory of Christ; from the curse of the law by the sanctification of Christ; from the law of ceremonies by the consummation of Christ; from human ordinances by the manumission and instruction of Christ. Now, then, let us "stand fast" in all those liberties wherewith Christ hath made us free.

**SORROWS OF GREAT MEN.**—Greatness confers no exemption from the cares and sorrows of life. Its share of them frequently bears a melancholy proportion to its exaltation. Out of those sorrows, too, often spring some of the noblest deeds of men, and from the depths

of aching hearts have come the words that have lived to bless and comfort the world. Such was the case with David, the monarch of Israel, as so well stated in the following from Bishop Horne:

He sought in piety that peace which he could not find in empire, and alleviated the disquietudes of State by the exercises of devotion. His invaluable Psalms convey those comforts to others which they afforded to himself. Composed upon particular occasions, yet designed for general use; delivered out as services for Israelites under the law, yet no less adapted to the circumstances of Christians, under the Gospel, they present religion to us in the most engaging dress, communicating truths which philosophy could never investigate, in a style which poetry can never equal, while history is made the vehicle of prophecy, and creation lends all its charms to paint the glories of redemption. Calculated alike to profit and to please, they inform the understanding, elevate the affections, and entertain the imagination. Indited under the influences of Him to whom all hearts are known, and all events foreknown, they suit mankind in all situations, grateful as the manna which descended from above, and conformed itself to every palate. The fairest production of human wit, after a few perusals, like gathered flowers, wither in our hands and lose their fragrance; but these unfading plants of Paradise become, as we are accustomed to them, still more and more beautiful; their bloom appears to be daily heightened; fresh odors are emitted, and new sweets extracted from them. He who hath once tasted their excellencies will desire to taste them yet again; and he who tastes them oftenest will relish them best.

**SHADE ESSENTIAL TO THE EFFECT OF LIGHT.**—How unwillingly we accept the sorrows and trials of life; and how generally we suppose that our welfare lies always in the direction of happiness and prosperity! And yet what imperfect, half-developed creatures would we be if all our life was unmingled sunshine! Trials are as necessary to a true human life, as shade to the effect of light.

It is recorded of Queen Elizabeth, that, ignorant of the laws of painting, she commanded her portrait to be taken without a shadow upon the canvas. With an ignorance of the laws of moral painting equally profound, and infinitely more serious, how often would we have obliterated from our history those somber pencilings of life's picture—the dark background and blended shadows—which the Divine artist knew to be essential to the fidelity, harmony, and perfection of the whole! We would have life without its moral discipline. We would efface from the portrait all the shadings of sorrow and sickness, suffering, poverty, and bereavement; leaving nothing but the bright and sunny hues of unmingled, unclouded happiness!

But when we gaze upon the carvings, the paintings, and frescoes of our whole life, each epoch, event, and incident—the lights and shadows beautifully and exquisitely blended—we shall then see the infinite rectitude of our Heavenly Father in all his present dealings with us, both of sorrow and of joy. With what vividness shall we then see the necessity, as much for the cold, dark pencilings, as for the warm roscate tints of the picture; and for both the lights and shadows, the joys and sorrows of life, we shall laud and adore his great and glorious name!—*Wm. L. G.*

**THE TRUE MAN.**—Reader, let us weigh ourselves in this balance, and see if we are entitled to this label:

He is above a mean thing. He can not stoop to mean fraud. He invades no secrets in the keeping of another. He

betrays no secrets confided to his own keeping. He never struts in borrowed plumage. He never takes selfish advantage of our mistakes. He uses no ignoble weapons in controversy. He never stabs in the dark. He is ashamed of innuendos. He is not one thing to a man's face and another behind his back. If by accident he comes in possession of his neighbor's counsels, he passes upon them an act of instant oblivion. He bears sealed packages without tampering with the wax. Papers not meant for his eye, whether they flutter at his window or lie open before him in unguarded exposure, are sacred to him. He professes no privacy of others, however the sentry sleeps. Bolts and bars, locks and keys, hedges and pickets, bonds and securities, notices to trespassers, are none of them for him. He may be trusted himself out of sight—near the thinnest partition—any where. He buys no office, he sells none, he intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will eat honest bread. He insults no man. He tramples on no sensitive feelings. If he have rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, manly. In short, whatever he judges honorable, he practices toward every man.

**KEEP THE BIRTHDAY.**—An exchange makes the following excellent suggestions, which must meet the approbation of all youthful readers. We trust they will also be received with favor by the old folks:

Keep the birthdays religiously. They belong exclusively to, and are treasured among, the sweetest memories of home. Do not let any thing prevent some token, be it ever so small, that it be remembered. For one day they are heroes. The special pudding or cake is made for them; a new jacket or trousers, with pockets, or the first pair of boots are donned; and big brothers and sisters sink into insignificance beside little Charlie, who is "six to-day," and is "going to be a man." Mothers who have half a dozen little ones to care for are apt to neglect birthdays; they come too often; sometimes when they are nervous; but if they only knew how much such souvenirs are cherished by their wee Susy or Harry years afterward when away from their hearth-stone, and they have none to remind them that they have added one more year to the perhaps weary round of life, or to wish them, in old-fashioned phrase, "many happy returns to their birthday," they would never permit any cause to step between them and a mother's privilege.

**SOMEBODY'S DARLING.**—Though perhaps all our readers have seen the following touching lines, and many may have cut them out and laid them aside, yet

we can not resist the temptation to give them a permanent place by inserting them here. The poem is certainly one of the most beautiful waifs that we have yet found floating on our sea of strife. Who is its owner?

Into a ward of the whitewashed halls,  
Where the dead and dying lay,  
Wounded by bayonets, shells, and balls,  
Somebody's darling was borne one day—  
Somebody's darling, so young and so brave,  
Wearing yet on his pale, sweet face,  
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,  
The lingering light of his boyhood's face.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold,  
Kissing the snow of that fair young brow;  
Pale are the lips of a delicate mold—  
Somebody's darling is dying now,  
Back from his beautiful blue-veined brow,  
Brush all the wandering wave of gold;  
Cross his hands on his bosom now,  
Somebody's darling is still and cold.

Kiss him once for somebody's sake,  
Murmur a prayer soft and low;  
One bright curl from its fair mates take,  
They were somebody's pride, you know;  
Somebody's hand hath rested there,  
Was it a mother's, soft and white,  
And have the lips of a sister fair  
Been baptized in their waves of light?

God knows best! he was somebody's love;  
Somebody's heart enshrined him there;  
Somebody wafted his name above,  
Night and morn, on the wings of prayer.  
Somebody wept when he marched away,  
Looking so handsome, brave, and grand;  
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay,  
Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's waiting and watching for him—  
Yearning to hold him again to her heart;  
And there he lies with his blue eyes dim,  
And the smiling, childlike lips apart.  
Tenderly bury the fair young dead,  
Pausing to drop in his grave a tear;  
Carve on the wooden slab at his head,  
"Somebody's darling slumbers here."

## Library Notes.

(1.) **THE AMERICAN CONFLICT: A History of the Great Rebellion in the United States of America, 1860-64: Its Causes, Incidents, and Results; Intended to Exhibit Especially its Moral and Political Phases, with the Drift and Progress of American Opinion Respecting Human Slavery from 1776 to the Close of the War of the Union.** By Horace Greeley. Vol. I. 8vo. Pp. 618. Hartford: O. D. Case & Co. From Levi Bonney, Cleveland, Ohio, General Agent for Ohio and Michigan. \$5.—The ample title of this great work, which we have purposely given above, indicates excellently well the nature of Mr. Greeley's history, and the well-known abilities of the author are a sufficient guarantee that the work is well done. Mr. Greeley does not propose to write the history of "the great rebellion," no one understanding better than he the impossibility of

cotemporaneous history. His object is so to arrange the material facts, and so to embody the more essential documents, or parts of documents, illustrating those facts, that the attentive, intelligent reader may learn from this work not only what were the leading incidents of our civil war, but its causes, incitements, and the inevitable sequence whereby ideas proved the germ of events. Thus far it is a philosophy of the origin of our gigantic civil war, being, as he well styles it, an answer to the question, "*How we got into the war for the Union!*" Its continuance, giving the historic details of the great conflict, will be an answer to the other great question, "*How we get out!*" For this work no man in America is more competent than Mr. Greeley. By nature he is a philosopher, by position the leading journalist of the country, by necessity a great writer,

and by the activities of a lifetime, profoundly implicated in the principles, the politics, and the events which he is now called upon to record. It is no disparagement to the illustrious author, while it is a strong commendation to his work, to say that he knows this whole subject somewhat as a father knows his child; he understands the great rebellion, for he helped to make it. In the list of illustrious names which he gives in his preface of men who may fairly be regarded as, in their several spheres, representative Americans, each of whom in some sense contributed to lay the train which we have seen fired by the secessionists in our day, he might well include his own, as one who, by his broad philosophic views, by his earnest and far-reaching principles, his uncompromising devotion to the right, his earnest advocacy of freedom, justice, humanity, his powerful influence and his prolific pen, has contributed as much as any other American living or dead to the present gigantic conflict between freedom and slavery.

For a work, then, written by so competent an author, we are not surprised to learn that the demand is such that the publishers have found it hitherto impossible to furnish the books promptly. The subscription list already numbers 50,000, while less than one-fourth part of the free States has yet been canvassed. Every student of his country's history will want this work, and as it is published by subscription, we can only recommend our readers to subscribe for it immediately and await their time. The mechanical execution of the work is excellent. It is printed in a good-sized type, on fine paper, and in a large, open page. It is illustrated by portraits on steel of generals, statesmen, and other eminent men; views of places of historic interest, maps, diagrams of battle-fields, naval actions, etc., from official sources.

(2.) *THE BIBLE AND MODERN THOUGHT.* By Rev. T. R. Birks, M. A., Rector of Kelshall, Herts. From the Last London Edition. 12mo. Pp. 436. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock. \$1.75.—The design of the author in this work is well indicated in his Introduction. The battle of "the evidences" has again to be fought, and the battle-ground is largely in Great Britain. Mr. Birks has evidently well studied the skepticism of his own day and country, and has ably handled the questions that have come before him. This is a valuable and timely book; we could say much in its commendation; it is indeed the book that the minister and layman who have taken any interest in the live questions of modern skepticism will want to read. Mr. Birks does not evade the real points at issue, but enters fully and fairly into the subtle and delicate questions which lie back of all questions of mere historical credibility, and conceding to a considerable extent the honesty of modern inquiry, he candidly meets and discusses the real difficulties which the skeptic presents. What do we mean by a Divine revelation? What are the conditions on which its possibility, its probability, or its certainty depend? What need is there that such a revelation would be given to mankind? How far can miracles, prophecies, or moral excellence, separately or in combination, furnish decisive evidence of its reality? How may we infer the Divine authority of the Bible from the statement of the Bible itself, without a vicious circle in our reasoning? How are we to explain alleged

contradictions between the language of Scripture and the results of antiquarian research, and the real or supposed discoveries of modern science? How can we reconcile the doctrine of Divine inspiration and the claim of the Bible to a supernatural origin? Such are the questions that are discussed in this excellent work. We bespeak for it a cordial reception in this country.

(3.) *THE LIFE AND WORK OF EARNEST MEN.* By Rev. W. K. Tweedie, D. D., Author of "The Early Choice," etc. From the Last London Edition. 12mo. Pp. 456. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock.—This is a reprint of a book very popular in England, written by an author well known as a writer of excellent works for youth, and for the encouragement and inspiration of older persons. This is a book of this kind; it teaches by examples; it inspires by exhibiting our fellow-men to us, laboring, suffering, sacrificing, and succeeding. We read an essay somewhere attempting to prove that "genius is energy." This book is almost a demonstration of the theory. While we read these well-written sketches of men who made themselves eminent in various departments of life, and see them struggling with all kinds of difficulties, and surmounting all kinds of obstacles, we feel that the common trait that runs through them all is energy, indomitable will, resistless perseverance. We feel that the secret of their success and greatness is their decision of character, their changeless determination of purpose, their promptness, energy, steadfastness. They determined to succeed, and they succeeded. Twenty-five illustrious characters are presented to us in this work—heroes for the truth, philanthropists, patriots, men of science and the arts. While every youth in the land ought to read this book, it is not merely a book for youth—every true earnest man or woman that reads it will derive strength and inspiration from it.

(4.) *THE PREDICTIONS OF THE PROPHETS which have been most Wonderfully Fulfilled since the Commencement of the Christian Era, and Especially those Predictions Concerning the United States of America.* By Rev. P. E. Royse. Cincinnati: Published for the Author. 12mo. Pp. 593.—The title-page gives at large the subject of this book. The author, among other things, proposes to show that the fourth beast or flying eagle of John in the Apocalypse represents the United States; that the Southern Confederacy is also typified by the image of the two-horned beast; that the wars in this country as well as the wars of other nations are foretold; the war we are now in; the year it was to begin; when the main fighting of the war will be over, and when the troubles in which we are involved will finally end. If the author's conclusions are correct the millennial adventists must revise their theory, for Christ's second appearing is here deferred to a period beyond the year 2940. Whatever may be thought of our author's arguments, we can not help regarding the Revelation as a sealed book till its prophetic utterances disclose themselves in their own patent and unmistakable fulfillment.

(6.) *A LATIN GRAMMAR FOR SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.* By Albert Harkness, Ph. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co. 12mo. 355 pp.—Since we first studied Adams's Latin Grammar, vast improvements have been made in text-



books for beginners, and a fair acquaintance with the language, which formerly required years, can now be acquired in a few months. Though it is no easy task to master the languages, that "double, double toil and trouble" of our fathers, and even of our school days, may be avoided; and with a handsomely-printed and well-arranged grammar like Dr. Harkness's, no school-boy now need shed tears over the hard lesson. Had we used such a text-book as this in our college curriculum it would have saved us many a tedious hour of study and our professor many a dull hour of blundering recitation.

(6.) CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE NORTH-WEST, *Including the Moravian Missions in Ohio.* By Samuel P. Hildreth, M. D. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock, Publishers. 16mo. 240 pp. \$1.—These contributions by Dr. Hildreth to pioneer history were written several years ago, and the manuscript given to Hon. Elisha Whittlesey. On the death of the latter, it came by bequest into the hands of T. B. Tait, of Ashtabula county, by whom it was forwarded to the Agents for publication. The sketches are written in an easy style, and are full of interesting passages descriptive of early life and manners. Dr. Hildreth was well known for his antiquarian researches and historical gleanings, and his name alone is a sufficient voucher for the good character of the book.

(7.) BABBITTONIAN PENMANSHIP: *A Complete System of the Science and Art of Penmanship, Including Ninety Lithographic Copies on Card-Board.* By E. D. Babbitt, Principal of Miami Commercial College, Dayton, Ohio. Price for full set of instructions and plates, \$1.—The author claims for his system, that it is not only more free and beautiful, but more brief and business-like than any other system; that it is more scientific in its arrangement; that the copies are self-teaching, giving such full explanations of the right or wrong methods of writing, on the back of each slip, as to be superior for making good penmen to most living teachers, at a cost of only \$1; that it contains an elegant series of copies just suited to the style of ladies; that it contains a finer variety of business forms; and is admirably adapted for the use of schools. After a careful examination of the instruction and copies furnished by this system, we are not disposed to call in question the above high claims. It is fully equal, to say the least, to any system of penmanship we have seen, and we can recommend its use to schools, and especially to persons wishing to learn penmanship without a personal teacher. To be had only from agents and the publishers, Babbitt & Wilt, Miami Commercial College, Dayton, O.

(8.) PROGRESSIVE LESSONS IN GREEK, *Together with Notes and frequent References to the Grammars of Sophocles, Hadley, and Crosby: Also a Vocabulary and Epitome of Greek Grammar, for the Use of Beginners.* By William B. Silber, A. M. 12mo. Pp. 79. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—This epitome of Greek grammar contains all that is necessary for a beginner in his earlier endeavors in the acquisition of the language, and all that we think ought to be presented to a beginner. The arrangement of the work is such that a student with this little volume in his hand, may, by his own un-

aided efforts, make considerable progress in the study of Greek. It will make an excellent text-book for the schools. To young men who desire some knowledge of the Greek language, and who are yet so situated as to be unable to employ a teacher, we recommend such a book as this, or "Bullion's First Lessons in Greek," or "Kenyon's Greek Elements," in preference to any of the larger and fuller grammars.

(9.) WILLSON'S LARGER SPELLER. *A Progressive Course of Lessons in Spelling, Arranged according to the Principles of Orthoeopy and Grammar, with Exercises in Synonyms, for Reading, Spelling, and Writing, and a New System of Definitions.* By Marcius Willson. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. Price, 35 cents.—The public has long ago learned that Mr. Willson knows how to make school-books, and that the Harpers know how to publish them. This speller will be no exception to the success of Mr. Willson's previous text-books.

(10.) NOT DEAD YET. *A Novel.* By J. C. Jeaffreson. Author of "Live it Down," "Olive Blake's Good Work," "Isabel; or, the Young Wife and the Old Love," etc. 8vo, double columns. Pp. 264. Muslin. \$1.75. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

(11.) PERIODICALS.—1. Chambers's Encyclopedia. A Dictionary of Universal Knowledge for the People. Republished in Numbers by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. For subscription and sale by Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati. Price, 30 cents per part. Parts 75 and 76—from *Milan—Morse*.—2. Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine. American Edition. August, 1864. New York: Leonard Scott & Co.—3. The London Quarterly Review. American Edition. New York: L. Scott & Co.

(12.) SERMONS, ETC.—1. A Sermon Preached by Request of the Pastor and Official Board of Wall-Street Methodist Episcopal Church, Jeffersonville, Ind., August 4, 1864. By Rev. R. Curran, M. D.—2. A Christian Nation's Ordeal. A Fast Day Sermon. By B. H. Nadal, D. D., Pastor of Wesley Chapel, Washington, D. C.—3. Extracts from Reports of Superintendents of Freedmen. Compiled by Rev. Joseph Warren, D. D. Second Series.

(13.) CATALOGUES.—1. Otterbein University, Westerville, Ohio, Rev. Lewis Davis, President, and six professors and teachers. Pupils, 171.—2. Wallamet University, Salem, Oregon, T. M. Gatch, A. M., President, and six professors and teachers. Pupils, 264.—3. Maine Wesleyan Seminary and Female College, Kent's Hill, Readfield, Henry P. Torsey, LL. D., President, and nine professors and teachers.—4. Fort Wayne College, Fort Wayne, Indiana, Rev. R. D. Robinson, A. M., President, and eight professors and teachers. Pupils, 193.—5. Pennington Seminary and Female Collegiate Institute, Pennington, New Jersey, Rev. D. C. Knowles, A. M., Principal. Pupils, 207.—6. Lasell Female Seminary, Auburndale, Massachusetts, Rev. Charles W. Cushing, A. M., Principal.—7. Wesleyan Female College, Wilmington, Delaware, Rev. John Wilson, A. M., President.—8. Waterloo Academy, Waterloo, Wisconsin, Rev. A. M. Stephens, Principal. Students, 115.

## Editor's Table.

**THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.**—Soon after our present number shall reach our subscribers, many of our male readers will be called upon to exercise the right of freemen in making their choice by ballot of a "Chief Magistrate of these United States," for the next four years. Never before in the history of our country was the making of that choice so important, and the responsibility involved in it so great as at the present time. We do not presume to dictate to our readers how they shall vote; but we do claim the privilege to urge upon them the solemn duty of voting in the fear of God, with a pure conscience, and in a spirit of true and honest loyalty to our Government. It is our privilege to exhort them to rise above all mere selfish, or personal, or partisan feelings, and, in view of the momentous issues that are at stake, to vote only that ticket which will stand the test before the bar of their own conscience, of their most careful and honest judgment, and, may we not say in times like these? that they will be willing to meet at the bar of God itself.

There are great masses in our country easily led about by the plots and schemes of unprincipled politicians, who will vote for that party that can make the loudest noise, offer the largest inducements, and, however falsely and wickedly, can seem to make out the strongest case. These masses are neither able nor are they concerned to detect the falsehoods, sophistries, and misrepresentations practiced upon them by cunning and designing men. Their interest in the Government or the country is exceedingly small. They have but little at stake; they are not capable of appreciating the vast issues involved in the struggle in which we are engaged; they will act only under the impulse of popular excitement, of party spirit, of personal interest. Against these, and against the schemes of their unprincipled leaders, we must array the intelligence of the country; we must beseech the intelligent, the moral, the patriotic, to stop and think, and to study the great issues before us; for this once at least to decline being held by any mere party names or interests; to look through and beyond the schemes, and sophistries, and subterfuges, and refuges of lies, and all the partisan apparatus of politicians, and demagogues, and semi-traitors, and as wise, upright, patriotic citizens of the Republic, to vote for those men and measures which, in their honest judgment, will most wisely, and successfully, and happily bring us out of our calamities.

The two great parties, with their candidates and platforms, are now before you. Between them you must choose. The distinguishing feature between the two great parties is of course found in their relation to the war for the nation's existence in which we are engaged. The one by its past history of nearly four years, by its very spirit and organization, and by its plain, outspoken platform, is committed to a vigorous prosecution of the war till the rebellion shall be crushed, and the rebels shall submit to the authority of the Government. Its motto is, "To conquer a peace."

The other, equally by its history, by the utterances of its press and its leaders, and by its carefully-worded platform, is committed to an effort for peace, "by a cessation of hostilities and an attempt at reconstruction." Its motto is, "Peace by compromise," and, as it has been stated by many of its leaders, "peace at any price." Both parties desire peace. Who does not? What heart is not imploring the God of peace to deliver our suffering land as speedily as possible from the horrors of war? They differ, then, not in the final aim, but in the means they propose to use for securing peace. The one aims at asserting the authority of the Government, maintaining the integrity of the Union, and compelling those who have taken up arms against the life of the nation, to lay down those arms and return to their allegiance. The other aims at procuring peace by stopping hostilities and offering liberal terms of compromise to our enemies. The distinctive characteristic of the two parties is at once indicated by the second resolution of their respective platforms. We produce them here. Republican platform, second resolution:

2. *Resolved*, That we approve of the determination of the Government of the United States not to compromise with rebels, or to offer any terms of peace except such as may be based upon an unconditional surrender of their hostility and a return to their just allegiance to the Constitution and laws of the United States, and that we call upon the Government to maintain this position and to prosecute the war with the utmost possible vigor to the complete suppression of the rebellion, in full reliance upon the sacrifices, the patriotism, the heroic valor, and the undying devotion of the American people to their country and its free institutions.

Chicago platform, second resolution:

*Resolved*, That this convention does explicitly declare, as the sense of the American people, that after four years of failure to restore the Union by the experiment of war, during which, under the pretense of a military necessity, or war power higher than the Constitution, the Constitution itself has been disregarded in every part, and public liberty and private rights alike trodden down, and the material prosperity of the country essentially impaired, justice, humanity, liberty, and the public welfare demand that immediate efforts be made for a cessation of hostilities, with a view to an ultimate convention of all the States, or other peaceable means, to the end that at the earliest practicable moment peace may be restored on the basis of the Federal Union of the States.

It is evident, then, the one means to conquer a peace; the other to purchase peace by concessions made to the enemy. If terms honorable to the Government, true to the great interests of the nation, true to the claims of humanity in all parts of the country, and such as will secure a permanent peace, can be secured without further shedding of blood, then every true patriot would say, Let us have peace on these terms. But if for the sake of a present delusive peace we must give up the dignity of our Government, must sue to rebels in arms for terms of adjustment, must yield the principles for which the war has been waged, must consign millions of our fellow-men to hopeless bondage, or must submit to the disruption of the Union and the

establishment of an independent government by our side, antagonistic to every principle of our Republican life, then who is pusillanimous enough to say, Let us have peace on such terms?

What kind of an honorable compromise do these rebels invite our Government to accept? Let us see. The Richmond Enquirer, the acknowledged official organ of the Southern Confederacy, enunciates plainly the kind of compromise which the Confederates might be induced to make with our Government. It is as follows:

"Recognition by the enemy of the independence of the Confederate States.

"Withdrawal of Yankee forces from every foot of Confederate ground, including Kentucky and Missouri.

"Withdrawal of Yankee soldiers from Maryland till that State shall decide, by free vote, whether she shall remain in the old Union, or ask admission into the Confederacy.

"Consent on the part of the Federal Government to give up to the Confederacy its proportion of the navy as it stood at the time of secession, or to pay for the same.

"Yield up all pretensions on the part of the Federal Government to that portion of the old Territories which lies west of the Confederate States.

"An equitable settlement, on the basis of our absolute independence and equal rights, of all accounts of public debt and public lands and the advantages accruing from foreign treaties."

We know from the best authority, that Mr. Davis, but a few weeks ago, absolutely and finally refused to listen to any proposal of peace, except on the ground of Southern independence; "and when I say Southern independence," he remarked, "I mean to include in our Confederacy, Maryland, all of Virginia, Tennessee, Kentucky, Arkansas, and Missouri—nothing less."

In this terrible rebellion, with which the American nation is now contending, there is really but one great issue. The American nationality must be preserved in its original integrity, or the independence of the Southern Confederacy must be acknowledged. The nation as a nation, and the citizens of the nation as citizens, stand face to face with this issue this day, as they stood more than three years ago, when the bloody flag of rebellion was hoisted over the ruins of Fort Sumter. If it was wrong to accept the issue then, it is wrong now. If the honest outbreak of genuine patriotism which then took up the issue forced upon us by treason, and which moved then the hearts of men of all political creeds and parties was right, it is right yet; and the issue made tenfold more obligatory upon us by the death and wounds of a hundred thousand of our citizens who have fallen in the struggle for the nation's life. At no time since the outbreak of the rebellion have the rebel authorities hinted at peace, or an armistice, or at any thing else looking to a suspension of hostilities, except on the basis of their separate existence as a national power. The issue remains the same, and we can have no peace with this treacherous and bloody rebellion till we conquer it, or till the nation itself is conquered by it. Demagogues, politicians, mercenary traders and cowards may attempt to hide and cover up the issue, but it can not be hidden or covered up.

When the painful truth was impressed upon the minds of the people that the rebellion must be subdued by war, they considered what they were doing. Slowly and reluctantly they admitted the conclusion. Every possible effort was made to adjust our difficulties without an appeal to arms. It was hard for a nation, so long accustomed to peace, to plunge into war, especially civil war. Nor did they do so till it was forced upon them by the determined rebels. Then, when the choice was between sundering our free institutions and even the nation itself, or defending them with the sword, there could be no hesitating at the alternative. The choice is still the same; who can falter? After three years of fierce conflict, such as the world never before witnessed, we believe that decision of the people remains unalterable. It can not be reversed. True, the cost of this fearful strife is great; but the cost of yielding it is greater still. With a vast slave despotism on our borders, with all its pride and arrogance flushed with victory, our own power crippled, our self-respect sacrificed, the enormous expenditure of the war wasted, the lives of our relatives thrown away for nothing, there would be but little left to preserve us from utter anarchy and dissolution. To yield the contest now, instead of peace, would be but the beginning of sorrows.

Do you say no party proposes to accept peace on the basis of dissolution, but on the basis of compromise and reunion? We answer, this is a false and delusive issue. Compromise and reunion have only been spoken on one side. The rebels have never uttered such words. Not a line or intimation of any kind has ever come from them indicating their willingness to accept terms of reunion. But suppose it were otherwise; suppose they are willing to accept terms of compromise; what terms have we to offer? Are we ready to acknowledge the right of rebellion, State sovereignty, and the doctrine of secession? Are we ready to bid such terms as will be ever after a premium for rebellion? Are we ready to yield the principle of slavery extension, and open up the vast Territories of the West to this very evil which has fomented discord, and let loose upon us the hounds of war? Or are we so pusillanimous as to be willing to purchase peace and reunion by selling four millions of helpless men, women, and children into perpetual slavery? What have we to offer as a bribe for reunion but further guarantees for the enslavement of negroes? Give us peace and reunion and we will give you any terms you ask for negroes—you may own them, sell them, whip them, fill the Territories with them. Perhaps in this way we could purchase peace. But Mr. Davis plainly tells us "he is not fighting for slavery, but for independence." But suppose the price would be accepted, what American is willing to stoop so low as, after three years of earnest and terrible war, over a hundred thousand graves of our fathers, sons, and brothers, to purchase peace by remanding to endless bondage these millions of helpless creatures?

But there is no occasion for such dishonorable proceeding. There are indeed vicissitudes and reverses in the struggle. But the work goes on, steadily progressing toward the end. What important position have we gained that we do not retain? What State or Territory has been conquered which is not still held? Their coast is blockaded; the Mississippi is opened

through its whole length; more than half of the original domain of the rebellion is regained, and our cause is still advancing. May God give us patience, and perseverance, and patriotism, and manhood, to enable us cheerfully, earnestly, and unitedly to go forward in the sublime work, which involves such unspeakable interests to the whole race of man!

**OUR ENGRAVINGS.**—We present to our readers this month two beautiful engravings. The first is "The Bird-Catchers," engraved by Mr. Wellstood from a painting by Bellows, one of our distinguished American artists. The original is a gem in the art of painting, and the engraver has succeeded well in transferring it to the steel plate. It is a mild, beautiful, suggestive picture. It will remind many of us of our younger days. We love these pictures that call us back to our youth. One has well said: "'When I am a man,' is the poetry of childhood; and 'when I was young,' is the poetry of age." Let us spare the young from sorrow as much as possible. Never dim the sunshine of hope and youth so as to leave them without even the memory of its joys.

Our second picture is a study originally painted by Miss Margaret Gillies, a popular young artist of England, who has painted several similar ideal subjects that have met with much favor. The present picture is one of her best, and has been most successfully translated by Mr. Jones. The engraver has certainly done credit to himself and to the fair artist. The picture is an ideal representation of the Past and Future. The one figure presents to us a matron, quiet, solemn, with bowed head, seemingly lost in reverie, the one hand unconsciously resting on the shoulder of young Hope, the other listlessly hanging on her knee, and who seems indeed to be

"Sighing, as through the shadowy past,  
Like a tomb-searcher . . .  
She lifts each shroud that time had cast  
On buried hopes."

She lives in the past. It is Memory, not apparently loaded with guilt or overwhelmed by sorrow; but peaceful, quiet Memory, that loves rather to dwell amidst the scenes and events of the long ago, than in the activities of the present or the hopes of the future.

"Swift each passing year rolls on,  
Still contentment glads the mind;  
Soon each passing year is gone—  
Gone, nor leaves a track behind.  
Then alike fond memory's powers  
Pleasures long since past review;  
Lead us back to youth's bright hours,  
And each blissful scene renew."

The other beautiful figure is the Future, idealized in youthful hope. Doubtless she is the daughter of the quiet matron that represents the Past—Hope the daughter of the Past—the child of Memory. It is a beautiful thought. It reminds us of the saying of Rahel: "The future does not come from before to meet us, but comes streaming up from behind over our heads." It is Hope, young, beautiful Hope, peering out into the bright unknown, her confident trust almost bringing a smile to play upon her features. The future is always fairy-land to the young. Who of us does not remember when we felt inclined to sit down and imagine bright things in the future, rather than to fulfill the

duties of the present, or call up the memories of the past? And to all of us,

"Hope, heav'n-born cherub, still appears,  
Howe'er misfortune seems to lower;  
Her smile the threat'ning tempest clears,  
And is the rainbow of the shower."

Let us look not mournfully or regretfully over the past; it is irrevocable; let us cheerfully accept the duties of the present; this only is ours; and let us look forward trustingly into the unknown future—that is in the hands of God.

**DEATH OF A CONTRIBUTOR.**—REV. H. B. Collins, of the South-Eastern Indiana Conference, died September 4th. He will be recollected as the author of several critical and historical sketches recently printed in our pages.

**ARTICLES ACCEPTED.**—In acknowledging articles accepted we give no pledge to insert them at any particular time, but simply acknowledge their literary merit, and our desire to use them, and intention to do so as the necessities of the Repository will admit: The Sister's Inquiry; Seeking Comfort; A Struggling Heart; Twilight; The Morning Cometh; Little Laurine; Hope; Hidden Lives; Retrospection; After the Rain; What shall I Write; A Talk at Girls; Two Soldiers; Money and the Spending of It; The Mission of the Few; A Christmas Story; A Plea for Americanism; and English Radicalism.

**ARTICLES DECLINED.**—*Prose.*—The Magic Cross; Rest; Plagiarism; The Imperishability of Thought—a good article; the author by practice and careful pruning will make a good writer—and, Let there be Light.

*Poetry.*—The Heart hath Sunlight and Shade; Earth's Sorrows—these two poems have considerable merit; we would use them if we were scarce of poetry—Midnight Musings—do not measure—Gone to Rest; and Come Not.

**NAMELESS GRAVES.**—A friend sends us the following neat little poem from the pen of another little twelve-year-old:

Graves there are unmarked and nameless—  
Graves of those whose souls were press'd,  
By the struggle and the labor  
Of their life, to heaven's rest.

Some one loved those silent sleepers;  
Though no marble marks the spot  
Where their mold'ring dust reposes,  
They are not by friends forgot.

In a dark and lonely garret,  
Some fond mother sits and weeps  
For the son who in the silence  
Of the gloomy graveyard sleeps.

Though the willow or the cypress  
Shed not music o'er his tomb,  
Deep within her heart the music  
Of his voice seems yet to come.

Through life's shadows, dim and misty,  
Many weary ones have pass'd,  
Softly, gently, scarcely noticed,  
Finding nameless graves at last.

But, it may be, far beyond us,  
In a land of joy they dwell;  
Nameless now no more—inciting  
Us to do our duty well.

F. L. B.



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VIEW OF THE MOUNTAINS FROM THE BOAT

THE MOUNTAINS ARE SEEN FROM THE BOAT









Engraved by J. H. Smith from a portrait by H. H. Hall

REV. ADAM POPE, D.D.

Engraved for the Rev. Adam Pope, D.D.